
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZI
GWYNETH PALTROW GETS HER VAJ STEAMED
MICHAEL S. ROGERS MIGHT BE WATCHING YOU
PET OF THE MONTH: LILY IVY
JAKE GYLLENHAAL TAKES ON KFC
THE PANAMA PAPERS UNFOLD
MISFIRE WITH FORUM REJECTS
THE POWER ISSUE
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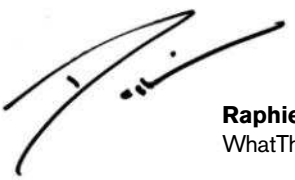
FROM THE EDITOR

IT'S going to take me a while to get used to the fact that this bit of real estate is reserved for me and my musings. It's also going to take me a while to figure out what musings are, and how they are relevant to anyone. Hell, it's going to take me a while to get used to the fact that I am the editor of this iconic magazine! White girl problems…*am I right*?

It has not taken much time for me to learn how connected many of you truly are to this brand, however. In fact, a rather impressive lot of you has taken to email, Twitter, and Facebook to voice your opinions and concerns about the magazine's new look. And while a few of your comments have been, um…shall we say…"unfavorable," I am excited about the dialogue and the challenge.

Overwhelmingly, your biggest callouts were regarding the explicitness (or lack thereof) of the photo layouts and the absence of the Forum section. And to your credit, you're dead right. Forum, i.e. "Reader Letters," is a staple of the Penthouse brand, and dancing on the line of polite society is embedded into our DNA.

So, here we are–a brand new issue of *Penthouse Magazine* complete with a Forum section (as well as Forum Rejects). Plus, the photo offering is a far better representation of what we are all about. Nope, not everything in here is perfect, but I'm damn proud of it. Enjoy.



Raphie Aronowitz
WhatTheFuck@Penthouse.com

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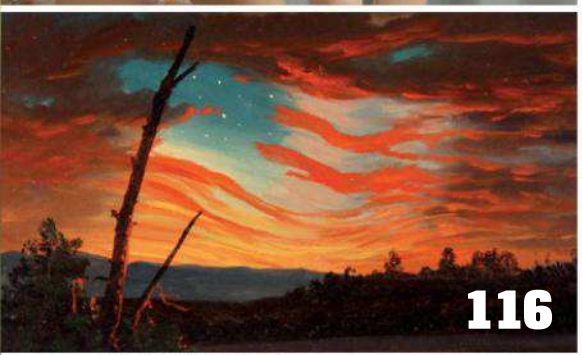

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MAIL DOMINANCE

DRUNKEN INTERN

I received my April issue of *Penthouse* yesterday and was flabbergasted: it almost seemed like an April Fools issue, except I wasn't amused. I have been a *Penthouse* reader for **decades**. I was quite happy with the format and always looked forward to the new issue. The current April issue was very poorly organized, and I was very disappointed with the layouts of the women. I felt like I was looking at my wife's Elle and some intern messed up the layout. I'm not trying to be insulting, but the more I look at April's issue, the more I wonder what were you thinking. You had the market locked up! Please bring back the *Penthouse* that I enjoyed. **[Ed: Sorry, Bob. Our intern got into the liquor cabinet again. We think you'll enjoy this month's pictorials!]**

Thanks,

Bob Griffiths, Rougemont, NC

THE SHOCKER

I just received my April issue of *Penthouse Magazine* in the mail. I have been a long time subscriber and a huge fan of your magazine since I first was introduced to it in the mid 70's, but I have to say this has to be the worst issue of Penthouse I have ever seen! This issue isn't even up to *Playboy* standards. There is no *Penthouse* Forum, and the few girls pictured in the magazine look like something I would find in a bad issue of *Easy Rider*, without the cool motorcycles. I really hope that this was just a sick joke and next month you get back to printing more excellent issues that has made your magazine world famous. If this issue is an example of what is to become of your magazine, then you can count me out because this issue went straight into the garbage can. **[Ed: Don't bail on us yet, David. Forum is back in this issue (and it is here to stay).]**

David Stanbaugh, Cottonwood, AZ

TIME TRAVEL

I have been a loyal reader for years. If the current Travel Issue is evidence of a new nonsexual Time Magazine format, I would not have subscribed for another two years. Where are the first page Forum and the other sexual articles? Please stop my subscription and refund my balance. **[Ed: Sexual articles are coming back, Bob. We're not ones to point fingers, but feel free to blame our drunken intern.]**

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME,

Todd Dutched, Whitehouse, OH

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Agenda

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

SUCKER FOR A BIG GUN

I'M a 26-year-old single woman, and I recently started working as a secretary at a military base in the Southwest. I'm kind of tall, with shoulder-length blonde hair and blue eyes. My measurements are 38C-28-38, and I have curves in all the right places.

Like most girls, I love sex. But until about a week ago (being new to the area, finding a new apartment, and settling into my new job), I hadn't been fucked for several months.

It was a Saturday afternoon and I had the day off. I was bored and horny, so I decided to check out the bar at a hotel just outside the base where I worked. I took a shower, put on a pair of tight jeans and a t-shirt, and headed out.

I knew it was early, but I was surprised how few people were in the bar at that hour. There were several older dudes and a few randoms, but I was the only woman there. I sat down at the end of the bar and ordered a beer.

As my eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, I looked around again. A good-looking guy in his late 20s was seated at the other end of the horseshoe-shaped bar, directly across from me. He was looking at me, and I couldn't help staring back (heading to a hotel bar on a Saturday afternoon was shaping up to be the right call).

After a long moment I looked away, took a swig of my beer, and pretended to look around the room again. But I could feel his eyes still on me. When I glanced at him again, he was smiling at me. He was cute and sexy, and I found myself smiling back. I had this weird thought that he was just going to come over and buy me a drink, but he looked away and started talking to the bartender. Bummer. I thought the day was going to be lucky for the both of us.



Okay. I guess he's not really interested. I finished my beer and got up to leave.

As I walked toward my car I heard a man's voice say, "Where you going?" I turned around and saw that it was the guy I had been looking at. He had followed me out of the bar.

"Home," I replied, knowing that things were about to get interesting.

"What do you think about having another beer and hanging out?" he said.

I hesitated for a moment (more for appearances than anything else). "Sure, why not?"

He took my hand, led me back inside, and we took a table in a corner. He ordered us a couple of beers, told me his name was Donny, and said that he was a grunt in the Army, stationed here for a week.

The jukebox was playing. When a slow song came on Donny asked me if I would like to dance (his attempt was so unsmooth and corny, that he actually came off as sweet). We moved onto the small dance floor, and he took me in his arms and pulled me against his body. He leaned down and kissed me. I parted my lips and took his tongue into my mouth, and sucked on it, moaning softly as I pressed my body into him. I could feel his cock pushing against me and I got so turned on. It felt huge.

Donny asked me if I would be interested in watching a movie with him in his room (I guess that's the "hotel" version of Netflix And Chill). Of course I said yes. We grabbed a 6-pack of beer and walked to the elevator. Once we got to his room he gave me a cold beer and put the others on ice. He turned the TV on and found a movie, and we got comfortable on his king-sized bed, propping ourselves up with some pillows.

"Wow, it really is hot in here," I said, and got up to get another beer.

"Well, I guess we could take our clothes off and watch the movie naked," Donny said, smiling at me. He probably just wanted to see how I'd take to the idea, but he was



> **"COME ON, GIRL, I WANT TO FUCK THAT HOT PUSSY OF YOURS!"**

completely shocked when I took all of my clothes off and lay back down on the bed.

"Damn, you're beautiful!" Donny said. He jumped up, quickly took of his clothes, and climbed back on the bed beside me.

He leaned over and gave me a deep kiss, then ran his hand gently up the inside of my thigh. I could feel his big cock growing hard against my leg. I purred as he ran his finger softly across my swollen pussy lips. His tongue danced wildly in my mouth. I reached down and ran my fingers along his huge cock. "Oh fuck!" I gasped, sliding my lips from his as I tried to wrap my hand around that monstrous pole. I began to stroke it slowly, looking up into his eyes as I did so.

Donny went to kiss me, but I smiled at him as I slowly slid down his body. I looked up into his eyes again as I took his giant dick into my mouth. I took in as much as I could, gagging and moaning as I tried to swallow as much of it as I could.

"Come on, girl, I want to fuck that hot pussy of yours!" Donny groaned as he pulled me up and rolled me over on my back. I spread my legs as far as I could as he moved between my open thighs. He guided his huge cock to my slippery wet pussy and started to push into me.

"Aaahh, ooohh, oh fuck!" I moaned as he muscled his oversized gun into my tight little hole. "Ohh yeah, you feel so good! You're really stretching my pussy! Ooohhh!"

My words turned into shrieks of joy as he jammed himself into me and began to work in and out of my wet slice of heaven. I could feel a huge orgasm building up inside me. "Oh fuck me harder, fuck me harder, oh fuck me, FUCK ME!" I screamed, wrapping my legs around him and grinding wildly against him as I started to come.

Donny reached down, grabbed my legs, and bent them up to my chest. He hunched himself up and really started to pound his cock into me. I shrieked as I came. Holy fucking hell did I shriek, and I felt his huge cock grow even bigger inside me and release what felt like a quart of hot cum into my pussy.

When Donny slid his limp (but still huge) dick from my box a minute later, I couldn't believe how much cum dripped out of me.

"You okay, baby?" he asked me.

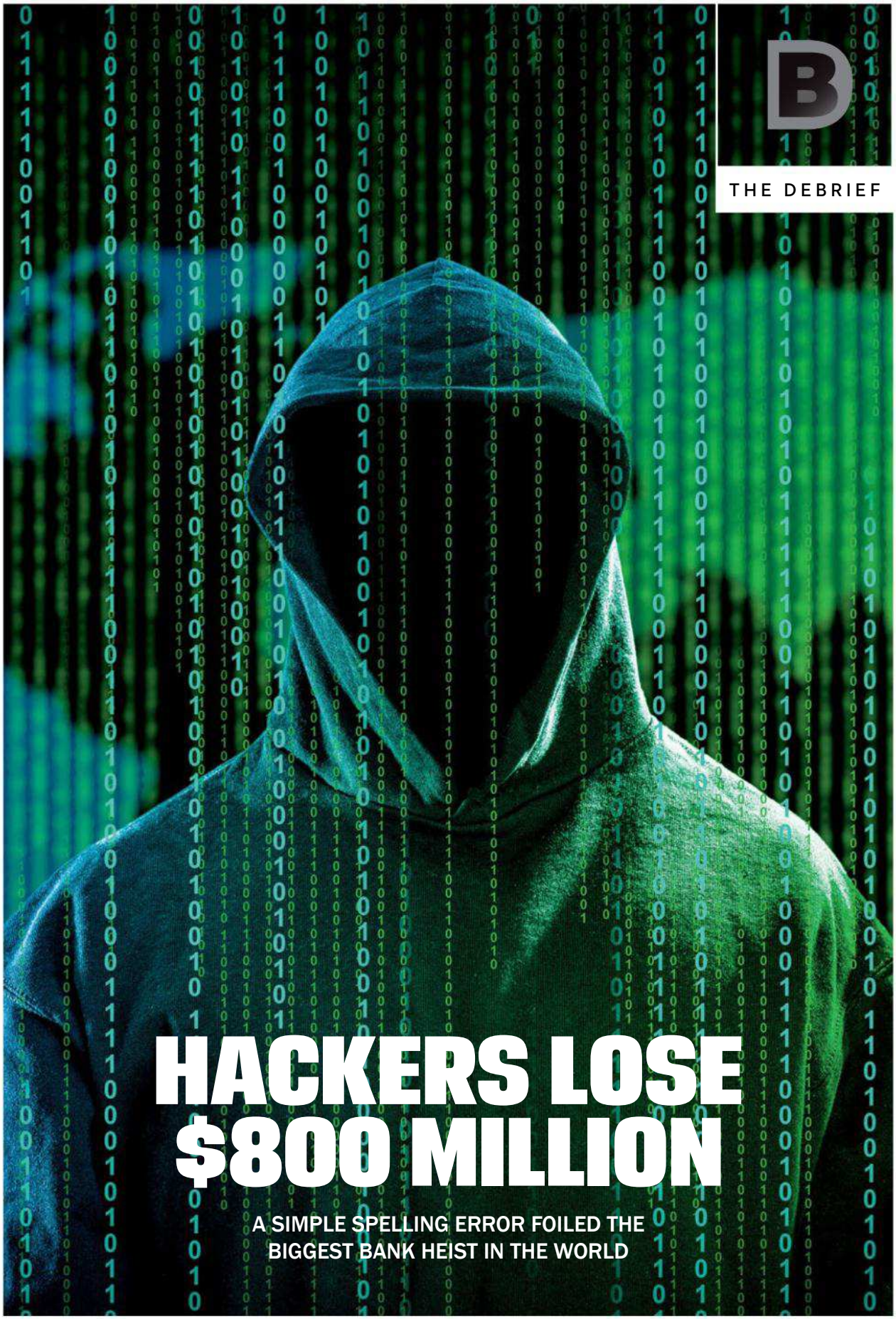
"Me? Oh yeah," I said, still panting. "Jesus Christ. You've got a magic cock! And I want to fuck it again…and again…and again!"

"Just give me a few minutes and you can," he said, grinning at me.

Donny and I fucked up a storm that day, although I never did catch the end of that movie.

J.N., San Antonio, Texas

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to:
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HACKERS LOSE $800 MILLION

A SIMPLE SPELLING ERROR FOILED THE BIGGEST BANK HEIST IN THE WORLD

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WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

BILLION DOLLAR TYPO

HACKERS recently learned the importance of paying attention in school when a simple spelling error caused them to lose $800 million in a heist.

The semi-literate cyber criminals hacked into the Bank of Bangladesh and, posing as officials online, began to siphon millions of dollars from the Federal Reserve Bank in New York to fake companies in the Philippines and Sri Lanka. All was going well, with over $20 million secured, when a typo undid them.

On their fifth transfer, the cyber-criminals misspelled one of their bogus company names–writing 'foundatian' instead of 'foundation'–and in doing so alerted authorities to their ruse.

Considering the hackers had already scored over $20 million, it's still not a bad payday. The hacker police are currently on the lookout for the perps. Given the fact that the caper was done remotely, it seems unlikely that the miscreants will be located, or the money found. It's a win for cyber-criminals, and a major loss for banks. (Don't worry, they'll tax you for it.)

If the group had been successful, the hack would have been the biggest bank heist in history.

WOMAN DOWNS ENTIRE BOTTLE OF COGNAC INSTEAD OF GIVING IT TO AIRPORT SECURITY



ONE woman has made headlines after quaffing an entire bottle of cognac rather than hand it over to airport security before attempting to board a plane.

The Chinese woman, known only as Ms. Zhao, refused to surrender her $200 bottle of Remy Martin XO Excellence to the presumably thirsty airport security. Instead, she did what we all think about doing every time we're told to hand over the liquor: pound it right there and board the plane, because who wants to be sober for a flight?

Unfortunately for Ms. Zhao, while we appreciate her spirit, her rock-n-roll journey ended there. According to reports, after draining the bottle, she quickly became aggressive, yelling obscenities and generally acting like someone who had just consumed an entire bottle of liquor. Ten points for effort, though, really.

The moral of the story? Well, there isn't one. But if you consider it, it's a win for travelers around the world who have, at one point or another, had their precious alcohol taken from them, after buying it just moments before at Duty-Free. Because honestly, what better in-flight entertainment than a full bottle of spirits swimming around your fellow traveler for eight hours?

God bless you please, Mrs. Zhao.

NURSE LOSES LICENSE AFTER TAKING PICTURE OF UNCONSCIOUS PATIENT'S DICK



IN a case of patient care gone too far, one nurse's bedside manner is being called into question after being caught snapping dick pics of her anaesthetized patient, and sending them to her friends.

Reports have not confirmed whether the photos taken by soon-to-be former nurse Kristen Johnson were selfies, but if they were, the caption would undoubtedly read: "This is a photo of me and Dick. He's sleeping at the moment. I tried to wake him, but he just kept spitting at me. LOL."

The upstate New York nurse was reported by co-workers who were not OK with the snap-happy Nightingale taking photos of an unconscious patient's naughty bits. HIPAA regulations and all.

Oh come on! He's sleeping!

According to the New York Daily News, Johnson was given three years' probation and had her nursing license revoked, after taking a plea deal for the misdemeanor of the disseminating of unlawful surveillance photos.

In a collective 'thank fuck' moment for humanity, the state Board of Regents reported that the ex-nurse "did not contest the charge of moral unfitness in the practice," because to be honest, you don't really have much moral high ground to stand on when you're caught taking snaps of an unconscious patient's dick on your iPhone and sharing them with your sick-fuck friends.



LOVESICK MAN HIJACKS PLANE TO GET TO HIS EX

IN news from our Humanity Never Ceases To Amaze Us Department, one man hijacked a plane in order to get a letter to his ex-wife.

The hijacker, who has been affectionately described as "an idiot, not a terrorist," forced the pilot to land EgyptAir flight MS181 shortly after taking off from Alexandria Airport.

The EgyptAir plane, carrying 82 passengers (including 10 U.S. citizens) was seized by a lovesick man who claimed to have a bomb. The plane was en route to Cairo.

Given the terror climate in Europe at the moment, the response was obviously one of alarm.

The situation quickly defused when it was found out that all he wanted to do was get a letter to his Cypriot ex-wife, which he tossed out of the cabin and onto the tarmac once the plane had pulled up.

Send an email next time, buddy.

RICH KIDS OF INSTAGRAM ARE LANDING THEIR PARENTS IN JAIL

THINK twice before posting images of your parents' assets online, because it might land them in jail. Children of the super wealthy are unknowingly putting their family assets at risk by flaunting their excessive lifestyles on social media.

Sites like Instagram and Facebook are being used by many of the world's richest kids to show off exactly how rich they are (turns out they're really rich). Unfortunately for these poor princelings and debutantes, these sites are also being used by investigators to prove that their parents are hiding assets that they claim not to own, according to *The Telegraph*.

Oisin Fouere, managing director of K2 Intelligence in London, said social media had become its "first port of call" when investigating the dealings of the mega-rich. Investigators are not only able to use images to place the rich kids and their family assets, but can also use the metadata stored on the images to gain further information on the properties, time of the image, exact location, and so forth.

In one case, a man who claimed that he had no items of significant value to his name, was found to be lying when a photo, posted by one of his children, showed him posing on the family's $17 million super-yacht in the Bahamas.

Another man in a divorce case claimed to be completely broke until investigators reviewed all the places that his snap-happy children had geo-tagged. The sleuths cross-referenced the images with real estate records and found that the man who claimed to be broke was in possession of over $60 million in property.





WOUNDED SOLDIER TO RECEIVE FIRST PENIS TRANSPLANT IN THE U.S.

A WOUNDED U.S. soldier has been selected by Johns Hopkins Hospital to receive the country's first penis transplant. Surgeons have been practicing the procedure on corpses to prepare for their patient.

Johns Hopkins Hospital is known for its groundbreaking surgery, such as implanting the first defibrillator in a human heart, or being the first to separate twins who were joined at the head. Now, the hospital will perform a penis transplant on a former U.S. soldier who was wounded in Afghanistan.

"It's an embarrassing topic that no one wants to talk about," says Thorn Wold, an ex-U.S. Marine medic who served in Iraq. "But it's the first thing injured soldiers usually ask about. 'Is everything OK down there, Doc? My wife's at home [and] we're trying to have a baby when I get back.'"

By the time you read this, the surgery may have taken place. It will involve joining the nerves and blood vessels with the hope of providing a fully functional organ, allowing for urination, sensation, and sex.

"When you meet these guys and you realize what they've given for the country, it makes a lot of sense," Dr. Richard Redett told Reuters.

TURN SPERM OFF WITH THE FLICK OF A SWITCH

FRUSTRATED with the lack of contraceptive options available for men, German inventor Clemens Bimek came up with his own device which allows men to "turn their sperm off or back on again" at the flick of a switch.

It's called the Bimek SLV and he's been testing it since 2009, when he had two Gummi Bear-sized valves implanted into his body. The device is activated with the literal flick of a mechanical switch, and will be located somewhere under the skin, while the device shutoff valves are located in the scrotum, in what's known as the vas deferens—the two ducts that transfer sperm from the testicles to the urethra.

Activation is not immediate, however—the user will need to clear out his pipes, or flush the swimmers, which will take approximately 30 ejaculations, or 30 days, depending on their frequency—then the patient is good to go. With the Sperm Off switch activated, the oncoming sperm will be redirected out of the ducts and back into the scrotal tissue where they should be reabsorbed.

libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

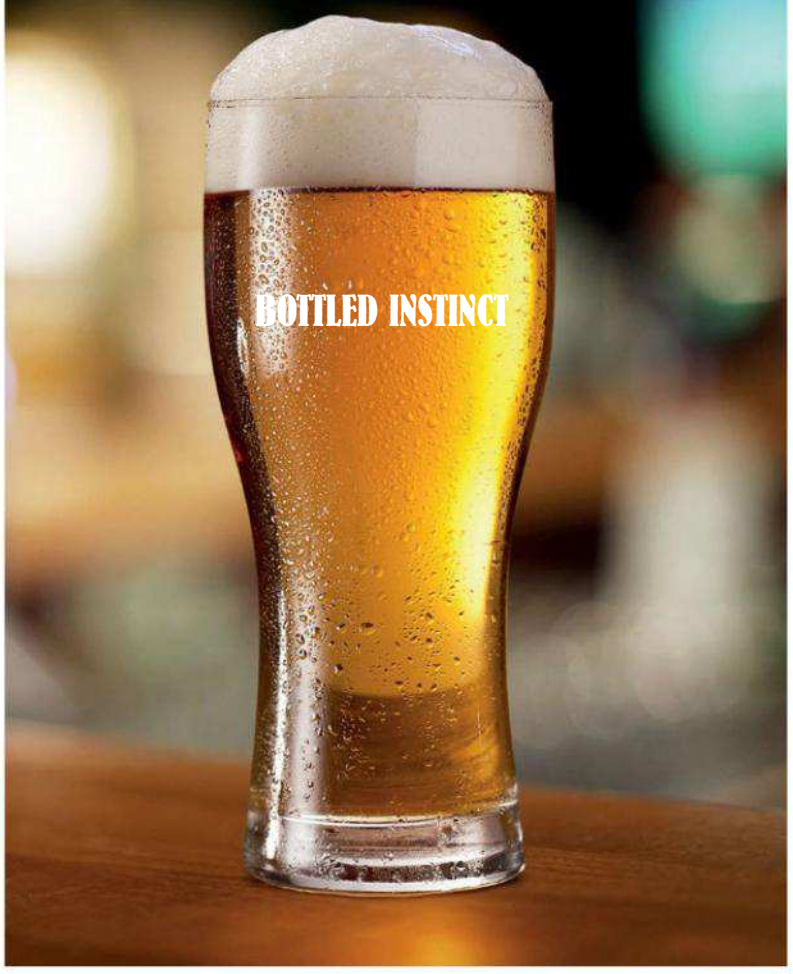


Drink Sexy!

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BEER MADE FROM VAGINA IS NOW A THING

REMEMBER the last time you took a sip from a beer and thought, "I wonder what this would taste like if it was brewed using vaginal yeast"? No? Us either.

That has not stopped brewer "The Order of Yoni" from creating Bottled Instinct, "the first beer with vaginal lactic acid in the world." Yoni claims that the beer contains a "quintessence of femininity." Funny, we thought that was "Gilmore Girls."

The Order of Yoni's website reads: "The secret of the beer lies in her vagina… Using hi-tech microbiology, we isolate, examine, and prepare lactic acid bacteria from the vagina of a unique woman. The bacteria, lactobacillus, transfer woman's features, allure, grace, glamour, and her instincts into beers and other products, turning them into a dance with a lovely goddess."

Hey – Order of Yoni? Before we drink it, you should fire whoever wrote the copy, because that was total crap.

Bottled Instinct is created by taking a "gynecological stick" and swabbing it in the vagina of this "unique–*and we imagine slightly creeped out*woman." The vaginal bacteria is then cleaned and multiplied, before being used to ferment the beer.

So, who is this "unique woman" you just can't wait to taste? Well, it's Czech model Alexandra Brendlova, and now is your only chance to essentially drink from her vagina.

The Order of Yoni has launched a crowdfunding campaign, hoping to raise 150,000 Euros. Donations will get you anything from a pallet of 1,000 beers, branded glasses, or (our personal favorite), "Girlfriend's Bacteria." Yes, you get your own bacteria swab from the vagina of a Czech model. Finally, someone has heard our prayers.

At press time, The Order of Yoni has collected about 1/150th of its goal. The future is not looking too good for vaginal beer. We prefer going to the source, anyway.

DIRTY VAGINA? GET IT STEAMED

THE never-ending list of "things we have celebrities to thank for" has grown, and now includes "vaginal steaming." Yes, it's a thing. Thanks Gwyneth Paltrow!

The new beauty treatment, known as V-Steam, is gaining popularity thanks to its claimed health benefits, which state that it strengthens the nervous system, stimulates menstrual discharge, and kills intestinal worms. Where do we sign up?

"You sit on what is essentially a mini-throne, and a combination of infra-red and Mugwort steam cleanses your uterus, et al," writes Paltrow on her site, Goop.com. "It is an energetic release–not just a steam douche–that balances female hormone levels. If you're in LA, you have to do it."

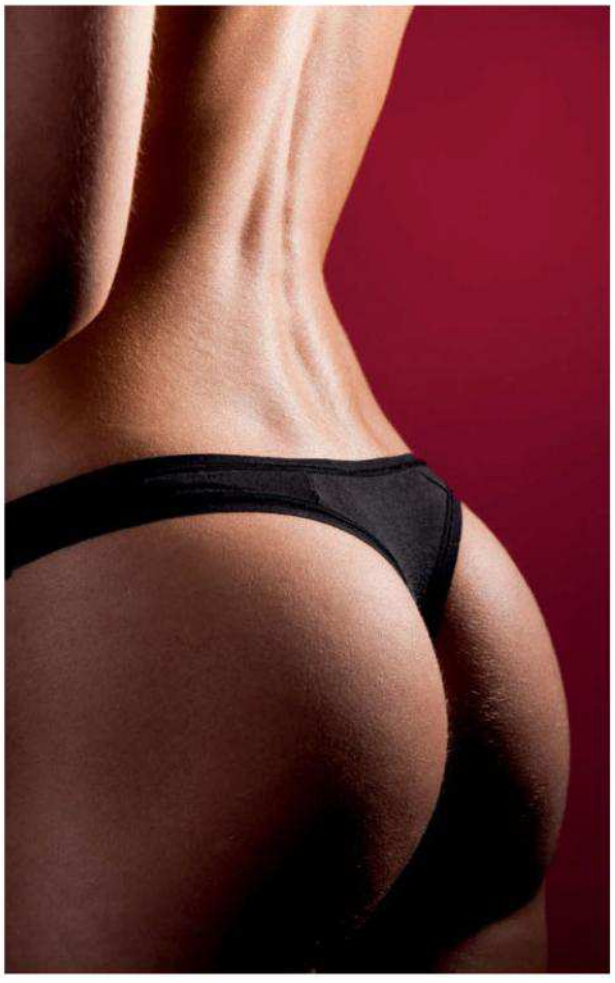
That's correct, Ladies. You get to sit on a mini-throne next to strangers while your vagina gets steamed.

But Fellas, before you think about buying your beloved a V-Steam next V-Day, keep in mind that the V-Steam has not been cleared by the FDA, and so any claims that it is beneficial could be the company blowing smoke up your vaj.

If you're still intrigued, (we understand), why not get one for yourself as well? How? Because there is also a steam bath for men! It claims to "cure" your hemorrhoid discomfort. Sounds like a setting for your next romantic date. Just be sure to send us a photo of you sitting on the throne…



PHOTO: TINSELTOWN/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM



WOMAN'S ASS EXPLODES DURING SEX, BOYFRIEND JAILED

BUTTOCKS injections, also known as buttock augmentation, gluteal augmentation, or—our personal favorite—a Brazilian butt lift, is the latest booty-enhancing surgery that you might want to think twice about.

Georgia's Tamela Martin was killing two birds with one stone: showing off her latest ass injection while having sex with her boyfriend, Sean Williams. Then something didn't "feel right," and she asked Williams to stop pounding her. He didn't. Instead Martin says he just started going harder. It was at this point when Martin's pooper began to blow up like Augustus Gloop.

"We was doing it and then he flipped me over and began to tear it up from the back. Asked him several times to be gentle, then I began to beg him to stop. That's when he started going harder. I felt pressure building up in my booty and it felt like my booty was tripling in size, I felt the skin stretching. It was a pain I never experienced," Martin said.

Williams was arrested and charged with assault after ignoring Martin's pleas for him to stop.

One of Williams's relatives released a statement to the site Radar stating, "HE IS THE FIRST DUDE TO GO TO JAIL FOR BUSSIN A B*TCHES @SS, I MEAN HE LITERALLY BEAT THAT @SS FLAT HE MUST HAVE BEEN SLAM F*CKING HER, I HOPE THE JUDGE GOES EASY ON HIM."

As in all things, we will stick with the booty-enhancing advice of Sir Mix-a-Lot: Red beans and rice.

SNAKES ON A MOTHERFUCKING SUSHI TRAIN

ONE man has been arrested after making threats and throwing a large python at customers in a sushi restaurant, reports *The Guardian*.

The man, who presumably has a thing for snakes, was showing kids a smaller reptile in the Studio City, CA eatery just moments before he was asked to leave. He then became agitated. Up until this point, parents did not note anything suspicious about the man. Good job, Attentive LA Parents!

After paying his $200 bill, the man (now known as Snake Man) walked outside but immediately came back in, yelling obscenities, with a 13-foot-long python in his arms. In what must've been a bizarre sight for someone looking up from the sushi train, the man then threw the python down.

People did not respond well.

"You know, everyone's like eating so customers are yelling, 'Get this thing out! Are you crazy?'" said Jessie Davaadorj, a waitress.

But Snake Man was determined to add reptiles to the raw fish.

"We asked him [to leave] like three or four times and he said, 'no.' He was like starting fights with the customers so we had to call the police and fire department," said Sissi Dashtort, another waitress.

And finally, we'll leave it at the quote of the night, which we're not really sure what to make of.

"He was the only customer who brought a giant snake," Dashtort observed.





GET THE PICTURE

STANDING 86 floors above midtown Manhattan really puts into perspective how micro I am in comparison," says Charlie Hardy, our feature photographer for this month's Get The Picture. "The more I looked down from the Empire State Building the more I felt like I was looking into a 'Where's Waldo' book. I had never been to a landscape where it was so full and dense, with so many big things crammed into one space. Being there in person, you just feel so miniature."

Credit: (Charlie Hardy)





CRUSH

GAL GADOT

Born in Rosh HaAyin, Israel, and originally intending to study law, Gal Gadot probably didn't envision becoming Wonder Woman.

Now she stands tall and mighty as the ultimate heroine in this summer's "Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice," a warrior princess of the Amazons, the goddess responsible for bringing the Justice League together.

Just don't get on her bad side; her arsenal of weapons will quite literally whip you into shape. Whether she's using her Lasso of Truth, her indestructible bracelets, or projectile firing tiara, Gal Gadot is one Metahuman woman you don't want to mess with. And that, paired with superhuman beauty, is why she just has to be this month's Crush.

PHOTO COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES/TM & (C) DC COMICS

How to Be Cut Off From Civilization

When it's you against nature, there's only one tool you need: the stainless steel River Canyon Bowie Knife—now ***ONLY $49!***

You are a man of the wilderness. The only plan you have is to walk up that mountain until you feel like stopping. You tell your friends that it's nothing personal, but this weekend belongs to you.

You've come prepared with your ***River Canyon Bowie Knife*** sheathed at your side. This hand-forged, unique knife comes shaving sharp with a perfectly fitted hand-tooled sheath. The broad stainless steel blade shines in harmony with the stunning striped horn, wood and bone handle. When you feel the heft of the knife in your hand, you know that you're ready for whatever nature throws at you.

This knife boasts a full tang blade, meaning the blade doesn't stop at the handle, it runs the full length of the knife. According to *Gear Patrol,* a full tang blade is key, saying "*A full tang lends structural strength to the knife, allowing for better leverage ...think one long steel beam versus two.*"

With our limited edition ***River Canyon Bowie Knife*** you're getting the best in 21st-century construction with a classic look inspired by legendary American pioneers. What you won't get is the trumped up price tag. We know a thing or two about the hunt— like how to seek out and capture an outstanding, collector's-quality knife that won't cut into your bank account.



BONUS! Call today and you'll also receive this genuine leather sheath!



Not shown actual size.

This quintessential American knife can be yours to use out in the field or to display as the art piece it truly is. But don't wait. A knife of this caliber typically cost hundreds. Priced at an amazing **$49**, we can't guarantee this knife will stick around for long. So call today!

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. Feel the knife in your hands, wear it on your hip, inspect the craftsmanship. If you don't feel like we cut you a fair deal, send it back within 60 days for a complete refund of the sale price. But we believe that once you wrap your fingers around the ***River Canyon's*** handle, you'll be ready to carve your own niche into the wild frontier.

What customers are saying about Stauer knives...

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— D., Houston, Texas

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LORD OF THE SPIES

MICHAEL S. ROGERS IS IN CHARGE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS INTELLIGENCE AGENCY ON EARTH.

THE director of the National Security Agency (NSA) and U.S. Cyber Command, Admiral Michael S. Rogers is kind of like the cool dad of national security. His approach is lax, he's personable, a little nerdy, and possibly even likable. Then you remember that he heads the world's biggest spy organization, that is now, at this very moment, probably collecting data on your activities.

Hand-picked by Barack Obama, Rogers rose through the ranks of the Navy after a modest academic career. But what he may have lacked in academic ability, he more than makes up for in sheer willingness to lead and shrewd analytical adeptness.

Rogers' initiation into the NSA in 2013 was a baptism of fire. The agency had just come under attack for its surveillance operations, which included the secretive working relationships between the NSA and the nation's telecom and high-tech organizations.

The NSA has been shrouded in mystery since it was established in 1952. But recent explosive revelations made by whistleblower Edward Snowden have shed light on the organization's inner workings.

They confirmed what we kind of already knew–the NSA was spying on everybody: foreign leaders, American citizens, telecommunication organisations–you name it. Meanwhile, they were lying to everyone about it. The NSA was quickly becoming something you might read about in Orwell's "1984"; a detached, dystopian bureaucracy, situated behind closed doors, surrounded by high, impenetrable walls. An organization that would take matters into its own hands, no matter the cost. The public was quickly losing trust and rightfully so, as the NSA was entirely unaccountable. All was not well within America's biggest security agency, they were in damage control.

Out of the shadows, stepped Rogers, who with cool calmness downplayed the significance of Snowden's leaks, even admitting that Snowden probably wasn't paid off by a foreign government. The agency had just come under attack for its surveillance operations, yet he was obstinate and unapologetic about the agency's past activities. Instead, he insisted on looking forward.

A specialist in cryptology and cyber warfare, Rogers is the first career cryptoanalyst to hold the position of Director at the NSA and Commander at USCYBERCOM. He imagines a future where the United States might use cyber weapons against enemies, much in the same way that cruise missiles and drones are used today in the Middle East.

The man is our first line of defense when warfare is taken into deep, dark, digital territories–a reality that will likely occur sooner rather than later.

Thus far, Rogers appears to be reasonable, analytical, and calculated. His willingness to at least engage the public on matters of the NSA's activities is a welcome change from the NSA we've known in the past. Whether it's all an elaborate ruse, or Rogers is genuinely willing to compromise and engage in open debate is yet to be seen.

Rogers walks a tight rope–on one side stands the American people, their freedoms, liberties, and autonomy. On the other: the government, the NSA and other security agencies vying for access to those very liberties we hold so dear. Below him, rushing cascades threatening to dislodge this delicate balancing act. How will one of Earth's most powerful men navigate this precarious situation?

TO TRUST OR NOT TO TRUST?

When the Snowden files were released in 2013, the fallout was severe. Here are the top five scandals ignited by NSA spying.

MERKEL PHONE CALLS
It was revealed that the NSA had been eavesdropping on German chancellor Angela Merkel. Later, it was revealed that the agency had been monitoring the phones of 35 world leaders.

ARE YOU 'CHINA' SPY ON ME?
The U.S often accuses China of spying on us, so when it was revealed that the U.S. had been spying not only on the country's leaders, but also telecom giant Huawei, imagine everyone's surprise.

GET OFF YOUR DAMN PHONE!
In January 2014 it was revealed that the U.S. had collected and stored almost 200 million text messages per day across the globe. The NSA program was said to be collecting location information, contacts, and financial data.

PRISM
The top-secret data mining program gave the U.S. government access to a vast quantity of emails, chat logs, and other data directly from the servers of nine internet companies including Google, Facebook, Microsoft, and Apple.

THE BRAZIL FILES
It was revealed that the U.S. had been spying on Brazil's President Dilma Rousseff, as well as the country's citizens and its strategic industries.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES/TOM WILLIAMS



FILM

DC'S BIPOLAR CINEMATIC UNIVERSE

THOUGH it set US box office records upon its release in March, DC's "Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice" was almost universally reviled by diehard comic book fans. For a venture represented as the filmic blueprint of DC comic book adaptation, many fans feel that "BvS," which cost roughly $250 million and featured the debut of Oscar-winner Ben Affleck as the Dark Knight, sucked balls so hard it turned the Batsack® inside out.

In 2007, Warner Bros. had planned to release a Justice League film with visionary George "Mad Max" Miller directing. When the American writers' strike erupted and Christopher Nolan's release of "The Dark Knight" was a runaway success, however business became problematic and eventually the project was cancelled. Fast-forward almost 10 years with the harrowing mess of "BvS," it now seems a shame that the vision of George Miller—a filmmaker with a head on his shoulders—never saw the light of day. Instead, we got the hit or miss Zack Snyder: a director with a brief history in major film production but a long history in making ads and commercials. And it shows. Snyder knows how to get you excited. The hype Synder is able to generate through his pristine trailers is truly something to behold. Though a master at promoting superhero films, his execution does not always live up to the hype (have you ever been to a strip club in the middle of the afternoon on a Wednesday?).

The release of "Suicide Squad" in August will be a taste of what chances there are for DC to viably launch their cinematic universe, providing a more serious alternative to the cartoony and childlike style of the beloved Marvel movies. It'll be our first glimpse of Jared Leto's incarnation of the Joker since Heath Ledger's iconic performance. Leto has some big-ass shoes to fill. Next year will also see the inception of Wonder Woman's first solo film, which should be interesting coming from Patty Jenkins (director of the Oscar-winning "Monster"). What's more, the weakest link in "BvS"—screenwriter David S. Goyer—doesn't seem to have much of a presence in the forthcoming 2017 "Justice League: Part 1." This time around, Oscar Winner Chris Terrio alone is penning the script and rumors have it that George Miller returns to the fold as producer, so fans disappointed by "BvS" still have something to look forward to. But fanboy disappointment runs deep.

As a forerunner to "BvS," Christopher Nolan's "Dark Knight" trilogy had tapped into an aspect of comic book narrative that had been widely overlooked in cinema. Nolan forced us to take the mythos of Batman seriously. Going beyond the sheer high-concept entertainment that typifies the Marvel cinematic universe, the "Dark Knight" trilogy revealed real depth and complexity in a Gotham we could almost imagine ourselves in. For once, in a word, we saw substance in a comic book adaptation, and it was thrilling.

IT'LL BE OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF JARED LETO'S INCARNATION OF THE JOKER SINCE HEATH LEDGER'S ICONIC PERFORMANCE. LETO HAS SOME BIG-ASS SHOES TO FILL.

"Batman v Superman" was an opportunity for the studios to renew that wonderful balance between the spectacle we've come to expect from the superhero genre and the kind of storytelling that actually means something to us as an audience. There was a vast world of allegory to be found in bringing together these two diametrically-opposed archetypes; a chance to show again what superhero stories really could be like. Even though "Batman v Superman" was more black hole than big bang, DC's expanding universe still holds a lot of promise.

PHOTO COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES/TM & (C) DC COMICS

MUSIC

WHEN DOVES CRY



SEE how it trembles inside? That's our stomach at the passing of Prince on April 21. The incalculably influential and popular musician, born Prince Rogers Nelson 57 years ago, had maintained a prolific output and energy right until the end: releasing four albums within the last three years of his life.

The man dubbed The Purple One, His Royal Badness, and–because of a copyright battle that kept him from recording as Prince for several years–TAFKAP, the Artist Formerly Known As Prince, and simply "The Glyph," Prince joins Michael Jackson and David Bowie in an elite club of iconic geniuses of style, performance, and musical virtuosity, all gone too soon.

Prince was found unresponsive in an elevator at Paisley Park, his home, performance space, and recording studio outside Minneapolis. An autopsy is being conducted at the time of this writing, but TMZ reports that a recent hospitalization his handlers had blamed on the flu was in fact an opiate overdose. Regardless, Prince was back on his feet days later at a local event, saying, "Wait a few days before you waste any prayers."

For people who had never seen his like before he burst onto the scene, fully-formed, in the 1980s, it might have been easy to confuse Prince with Michael Jackson. Both diminutive African-American men from the Midwest, Jackson and Prince outglammed predecessors like Little Richard and James Brown as well as built on the virtuosity of Stevie Wonder and Jimi Hendrix.

But whereas Jackson was often a childlike figure and appeared cartoonish and non-threatening to American parents (Boy were they wrong), Prince represented danger with a capital TAFKAP, getting up to all sorts of filthy hijinks in songs that were unapologetically about fucking, and introducing the world to hyper-erotic bandmates Sheila E. and Wendy & Lisa, and even dirtying up the wholesome Sheena Easton in "Sugar Walls."

And semi-autobiographical movies like "Purple Rain," "Under the Cherry Moon," and "Graffiti Bridge," while often ridiculous plot-wise, were sexy, musical landmarks, putting "the Minneapolis Sound" on the map, a style defined by tight-as-fuck multiracial, co-ed bands in fetish gear (and Morris Day, who tweeted, "He introduced me 2U!").

Prince's influence can be seen in hip-hop, rap, R&B, and rock. Vivid performers like Bruno Mars bear an indelible Prince stamp, as does any popster like Taylor Swift, who performs her own autobiographical material. As a bandleader Prince was unparalleled, fronting the Revolution and the New Power Generation, and if you want to see him paying tribute to the music of his childhood, look up his blistering solo on "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" from the 2004 Rock And Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremony.

Like Bowie, Prince made androgyny look good. In a hilarious reminiscence by Charlie Murphy (Eddie's brother) in "Dave Chappelle's Show," Prince could even dominate a basketball court wearing heels.

Grammy-winning R&B artist Frank Ocean wrote online within hours of Prince's passing: "He was a straight black man who played his first televised set in bikini bottoms and knee high heeled boots, epic. He made me feel more comfortable with how I identify sexually simply by his display of freedom from and irreverence for obviously archaic ideas like gender conformity."

Justin Timberlake's reaction told of a common childhood memory. "It was 'Raspberry Beret.' I was 4 years old. Yes, 4. I remember that I instantly loved it. 'Mommy, who is that singing?' Seems weird but it's true."

President Obama also recognized Prince's contribution: "Today, the world lost a creative icon … As one of the most gifted and prolific musicians of our time, Prince did it all. Funk. R&B. Rock and roll. He was a virtuoso instrumentalist, a brilliant bandleader, and an electrifying performer."

Prince was as enigmatic as he was flamboyant, driven, and eccentric. Colleagues found it hard to keep up with him; he would often record ten hours a day, even bringing mobile studios on tour so he could record with local musicians. Rumors abounded of Prince's stockpile of unreleased material even when he was alive, and his fortune, estimated at $300 million by Celebrity Net Worth, will go up as that catalogue is undoubtedly released, Tupac-style, in the coming years and perhaps decades.

But the fortune might also go to the Jehovah's Witnesses, of which the Purple One was an active member. Can you imagine Prince showing up at your door with The Watchtower–and maybe even playing his version of Hendrix's "All Along the Watchtower" (itself a cover of fellow Minnesotan and born-again Christian Bob Dylan's original)?

Fans responded with celebrations of Prince's life and music all over the world. His friend, director Spike Lee, threw a block party in Brooklyn, and similar scenes were repeated in Los Angeles and Minneapolis, where locations from "Purple Rain" were strewn with purple flowers.

In a 2016 already dimmed by the passing of David Bowie and a simply numbing number of treasured stars, we must listen to the music, enjoy the waters of Lake Minnetonka, and not let Prince's death in an elevator break us down.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES/FRANK MICELOTTA ARCHIVE/NEILSON BARNARD



GAMING

SWITCH OFF, GAME ON!

NOTHING gets us excited like a 6-pack of a beer, a console, good friends, and a night in. No fanfare or drama, just good old-fashioned running and gunning. Sure, we love partying, but sometimes it just doesn't beat sinking deep into the couch, ordering pizza, and talking epic amounts of shit while you trash your friends at your game of choice. Women go to the bathroom together, guys game together. It's one of those things that you can't explain but tends to just make sense. And you know what, not everything needs to make sense anyway, so next time your buddy questions why you're sitting at home and gaming "instead of going out and getting loose," say something like, "Because Mario and Luigi offer me satisfaction that you or a nightclub never will." That'll be sure to confuse him, and ensure that he doesn't ask any more stupid questions. In fact, you might not ever see him again. Perfect! So, without further ado, let's get down to the games that have got us all excited. Here we go...

Tom Clancy's Division

If you're looking for an RPG/tactical shooter (as opposed to a twitch shooter like "Call of Duty" or "Counter-Strike") that is entertaining and cohesive, with some great multiplayer, co-op, or single play options, then "Tom Clancy's Division" is for you. It's set in post-pandemic New York where society has collapsed into chaos, and you and your tactical team—Division—are in charge of saving the day. In order to do so, you will need to loot gear, explore, team up with other players, customize your character and level up your weapons, all while surviving against deadly enemies. Sounds easy, right? It isn't.

Dark Souls III

"Dark Souls III" is Hidetaka Miyazaki's final masterpiece, and the latest chapter in the "Dark Souls" series. It evolves the basics and mechanics of the "Souls" saga and offers brilliant level design, more variety of enemies, deep character customization, and some of the most epic boss battles we've seen in the last seven years of the saga. Its addictive RPG gameplay will challenge you as you die again and again, searching for a way to survive the oncoming apocalypse. The combat is great, and "Dark Souls" fans can rejoice in the signature rendering of the series style.



Dark Souls III

THINK TERRIFYING ENEMIES, INTRICATE ENVIRONMENTS, AND GRATUITOUS GORE SET IN THE WASTELANDS OF HELL.



Tom Clancy's Division

DOOM

Finally, from the depths of Hell itself, comes the release which has all of us quivering with excitement (or is it fear?). Developed by id Software, the studio that pioneered the first-person shooter genre and created multiplayer deathmatch, comes "DOOM." Think terrifying enemies, intricate environments, and gratuitous gore set in the wastelands of Hell. The sweat-inducing first-person combat will have you obliterating relentless demon hordes with impossibly destructive guns—alternatively, you can fight like hell against your friends in numerous multiplayer modes which will have you gripping the controller way too hard while swearing. No matter which way you choose to play, the release of "DOOM" is undeniably exciting and marks a monumental occasion for the gaming world.

IMAGES: GAMESPRESS

TECH

HACKING THE MAINFRAME



THIS should not be a surprise, but the business of getting behind the online security protocols of large organizations is nothing like what is depicted in the 2001 crime flick "Swordfish." For one thing, there is far less nudity.

We know. We were disappointed too. Nonetheless, although it might not have the sex appeal of other types of crime, cybercrime is a real and growing threat. Deep as we are in the (so far hugely underwhelming) "internet of things," we have entrusted a great deal of our information to the external databases of banks, online retailers, and social media. Can we trust them?

In a lot of cases, we have no choice but to trust the security protocols in place. if you need to register with the Department of Human Services (in order to correlate your Medicare and tax records, for instance), there is no option but to use the online service.

Unfortunately for us, as last year indicated, no database is immune from being breached…

LastPass

LastPass, for the uninitiated, is a service for people (like us) who can't remember their passwords for the life of them. It is a secure, massively-encrypted vault for all of your passwords, unlockable only by a single master password in the possession of the account holder.

Sounds like it would be an excellent service to hack, right? Well, last year, LastPass discovered that we're not the only people who think that. Crooks made off with huge numbers of email addresses, passwords (albeit hashed and salted), and secret questions. LastPass has been a little cagey on the details of how much data was stolen, but they went to the effort of notifying every one of their millions of users about the breach.

Even assuming that the hackers can only bypass a small percentage of stolen accounts, the theft no doubt proved extremely profitable for the black hats responsible.

WE HAVE ENTRUSTED A GREAT DEAL OF OUR INFORMATION TO THE EXTERNAL DATABASES OF BANKS, ONLINE RETAILERS, AND SOCIAL MEDIA. CAN WE TRUST THEM?

Kaspersky Lab

So, some people had their Facebook details stolen. Big deal, right? Well, this one will make your skin crawl.

Another group of hackers, believed to have been behind the Stuxnet and Duqu worms, compromised the servers of Kaspersky Lab, an antivirus firm based out of Moscow. Unlike LastPass, this breach was a big deal for international politics and espionage.

For one thing, Stuxnet and Duqu are both likely the products of US and Israeli military labs, and were used against military targets in the Middle East. However, foiled by Kaspersky in the past, the new worm—called Duqu 2.0—wasn't just trying to work out which countries Kaspersky Lab was investigating, but was also trying to find out the methods by which Duqu and Stuxnet were detected.

The amount of data compromised before the leak was detected is unknown. However, what was stolen has the serious potential to compromise the national security of many countries.

Hacking Team

Finally, some (potentially) good news. Last year, a group of online activists accessed and dumped over 400 gigabytes of data held by Italian IT firm Hacking Team: a company specializing in surveillance software.

Having someone steal your LastPass information might feel invasive, but that's small change compared to the power afforded to governments by Hacking Team's software.

It can be used to decrypt emails, record Skype and VoIP calls, and remotely activate computer cameras and microphones. The software is subsequently sold to intelligence and police agencies worldwide, including oppressive regimes; it is reported that Hacking Team's software has been used to track journalists and activists in Morocco and the UAE, among other places unfriendly to the press.

Unlike in the cases of the LastPass and Kaspersky leaks, it looks as if the Hacking Team hackers were doing citizens a favor.

It's always a good idea to force governments to be honest about surveilling their own citizens.

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THE WALK-OFF KING WEIGHS IN

AUSSIE UFC STAR MARK HUNT TAKES ON THE WORLD **BY SEAN BRUCE**

WE met up with Mark "The Super Samoan" Hunt to chat about his life in and outside of the Octagon. Also known as the "walk-off king" and dubbed by some as the hardest hitter in the world, Hunt, 42, has become an Ultimate Fighting Championship sensation for his powerful striking ability. After three successive victories, all by devastating knock-out, Hunt will be one to watch this year as he aims to take out the heavyweight title. If he achieves this incredible feat, he will be the first Oceanic UFC title holder.

How did you start fighting?

I was in altercation outside a night club when I was 18 and the bouncer saved me from being arrested–(He's being modest, he knocked out multiple people–Ed.). My first fight was four days later in a Muay Thai boxing ring. And as the saying goes–the rest is history.

What would you be doing if you weren't fighting?

I would probably be back in jail. I've been in jail twice and I can't hide this–it's in my book and I've spoken pretty freely about everything. I was on a bad path as a kid and fighting actually saved my life. Because confrontation is what I do. I had no education, I had my second stint in jail at 21–I was going back there for sure.

How did you get the nickname "Super Samoan"?

I'm a big gamer and cartoon fan and I spent about 10 years fighting in Japan and there's a program called "Dragon Ball Z"–I used to love it–and [in that cartoon] the main characters were called Super Saiyans. They started nicknaming me Super Samoan–because of my heritage–and because I used to love watching that cartoon. When the Super Saiyans would fight, their hair would go white and they would charge up and get super powers–and that's my little gimmick.

Speaking to someone who has never been inside a ring, can you explain to me what it's like to step inside the ring and fight?

I feel free in the Octagon, I don't have any hassles in my mind, I don't worry about anything I have to do but work. I probably couldn't get into a race car and drive around a track as quick as some of those guys, or ride a horse, but there's people who are made to do that–just like I'm made to fight. I feel that God has blessed me with a gift–to fight, to take punishment. It's kind of a funny thing to say that–but that's just the way it is.

How does your faith influence your life and fighting?

A lot, of course–God doesn't make mistakes. He made my parents the way they were towards me so that I am the man I am now. I mean, people laugh about it, but that's just the way I see it–I don't really care what anyone thinks about me, regardless. I'm just doing what I'm doing and living my life the best I can. I mean the UFC was a company in which I wasn't even wanted. Now seven or eight years on, I'm talking to Dana (*White, president of the UFC–Ed.*) about a new contract just this morning, so–go figure that one out.

Speaking of which–you were offered $450,000 by Dana White to retire–what kept you around?

You should ask Dana that question (laughs), I can't speak on behalf of Dana. It's not a question you should ask me, it's a question you should ask Dana. Ask him – he'll tell you (laughs).

What do you say to people who want to get into fighting?

I've been fighting for 20 years at the top of two different sports–first at kickboxing and now mixed martial arts. What you must understand first: is it something that you want to do? Something you need to do? Because the circle does not go into the square hole. It's like Yoda said–you either do or you don't–there is no try. This is the hurt business–so you'll get hurt if you're in half a mind about it.

What do you think about retirement?

Man, I've had the most punches in the head in UFC history–but look at me. I'm still talking to you well–I may not be able to remember a lot of shit (laughs)–but I love fighting. I still love competing and getting that rush. Like I said, I was just talking to Dana this morning about a new contract–I think I'll be the world champion at the end of this year–I think I'll be the best fighter on the planet again, if I get the opportunity.

Frank Mir recently said that you were the hardest hitter the UFC. That must feel good.

I don't know–I think it's probably because he didn't see it coming–they're always the ones that get you. He was too busy ducking his head the other way. It's the same for him, had he caught me doing something, he would have snapped it off–without even a second thought. So I got him before he got me (laughs)–kudos to that.

I WAS ON A BAD PATH AS A KID AND FIGHTING ACTUALLY SAVED MY LIFE.

PHOTO: NATHAN HARMOND





You're well-known as the walk-off king–why don't you jump on your opponents when they hit the ground?
To be honest, I could see Frank was done. It's like when I hit Struve–I knew he was done. I mean he had a broken jaw–I didn't know that at the time–and had I gone back for him again, he would have had no jaw. I know it's the hurt business–but when he's done, he's done.

How do you know when someone is "done"?
If I hit someone who's not trying to grab me and drag me down–he's done. That's kind of pretty easy, right? When I hit someone and they're just staring–like when I hit Frank, I moved to the side and he was still looking forward–and that was it.

In 2014 you accepted an interim title fight on short notice and dominated, but ended up losing. Do you regret not jumping on Fabricio Werdum to finish the job?
No, I don't regret it–I made a decision not to jump on him. Sometimes he's kind of crafty, trying to bait you into his grappling game. I didn't want go there–that's his world. I don't mind playing in it, but when you haven't had a fight camp and only three and half weeks of weight loss, there's no way you should play around on the ground like that. But if we fought again–there's no way he'd beat me–there's no way none of those guys would beat me. If we had a rematch they're all going to get knocked out.

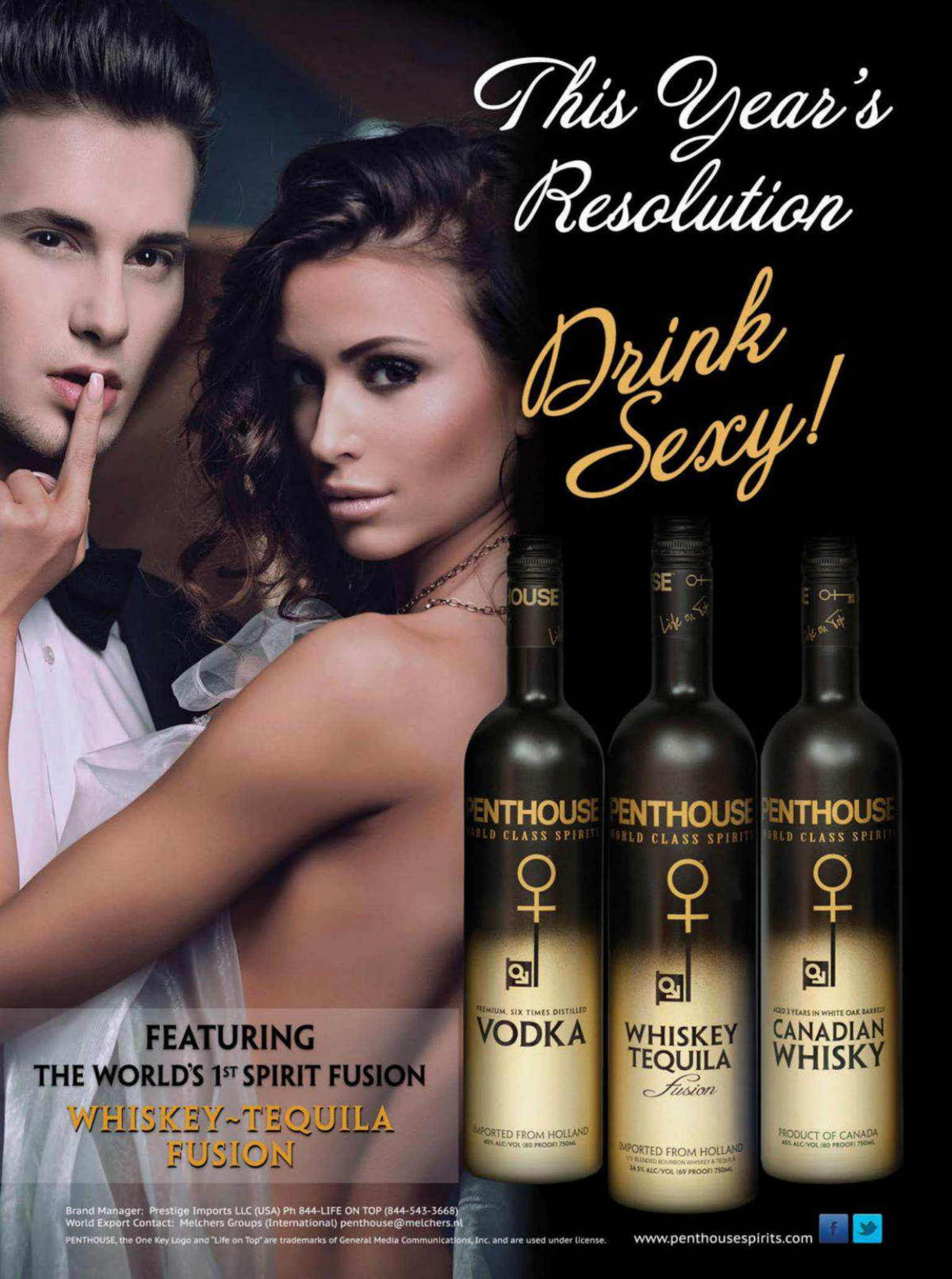
Heavyweight Champion Mark Hunt has a pretty nice ring to it–how long has it been your dream to be #1 in the UFC?
Ever since I wasn't wanted (laughs). You can't tell me I'm not good enough–I was told that my whole life as a kid. What's really annoying is he's [Dana White] telling the whole world this–that you're a shit fighter and you're not worth it. Now, I don't blame him–because of my record at the time–I had lost five in a row and I don't think anyone wanted me. That's what gets me upset. That's how I got my fire back and I thank Dana for doubting me–because I'm nearly there.

HAD I GONE BACK FOR HIM AGAIN, HE WOULD HAVE HAD NO JAW. I KNOW IT'S THE HURT BUSINESS–BUT WHEN HE'S DONE, HE'S DONE.

What's the next move for Mark Hunt? What's in store for life after the fighting?
I'm glad you asked that actually. We are starting a thing called MMA Academy–what happens is that only 2-5% of the top fighters ever make a living out of it–but for the others, they fall off to the wayside. So with MMA Academy we want to introduce a program that helps fighters get diplomas so that they can work in other areas of fighting.

You recently released a biography ("Born to Fight") detailing the story of your life. You had some pretty difficult moments–what advice would you have for people going through hardships?
The book I released, "Born to Fight"–I didn't do it for money. My publisher got me to agree by telling me: "you can help other with their journey." My struggles, I never thought were bad–but I knew they were kind of crazy. if people can read the book, they can realise that life isn't really that bad at all. They've got food in their stomach, roof over their heads–or they're working towards it. There's always a light at the end of the tunnel–doesn't matter how bad it gets. With depression–some people take the route of killing themselves–my brother killed himself just under a year ago because he was so depressed. But if you reach out–there's always someone to give you a hand, doesn't matter what situation it is.

PHOTO: NATHAN HARMOND


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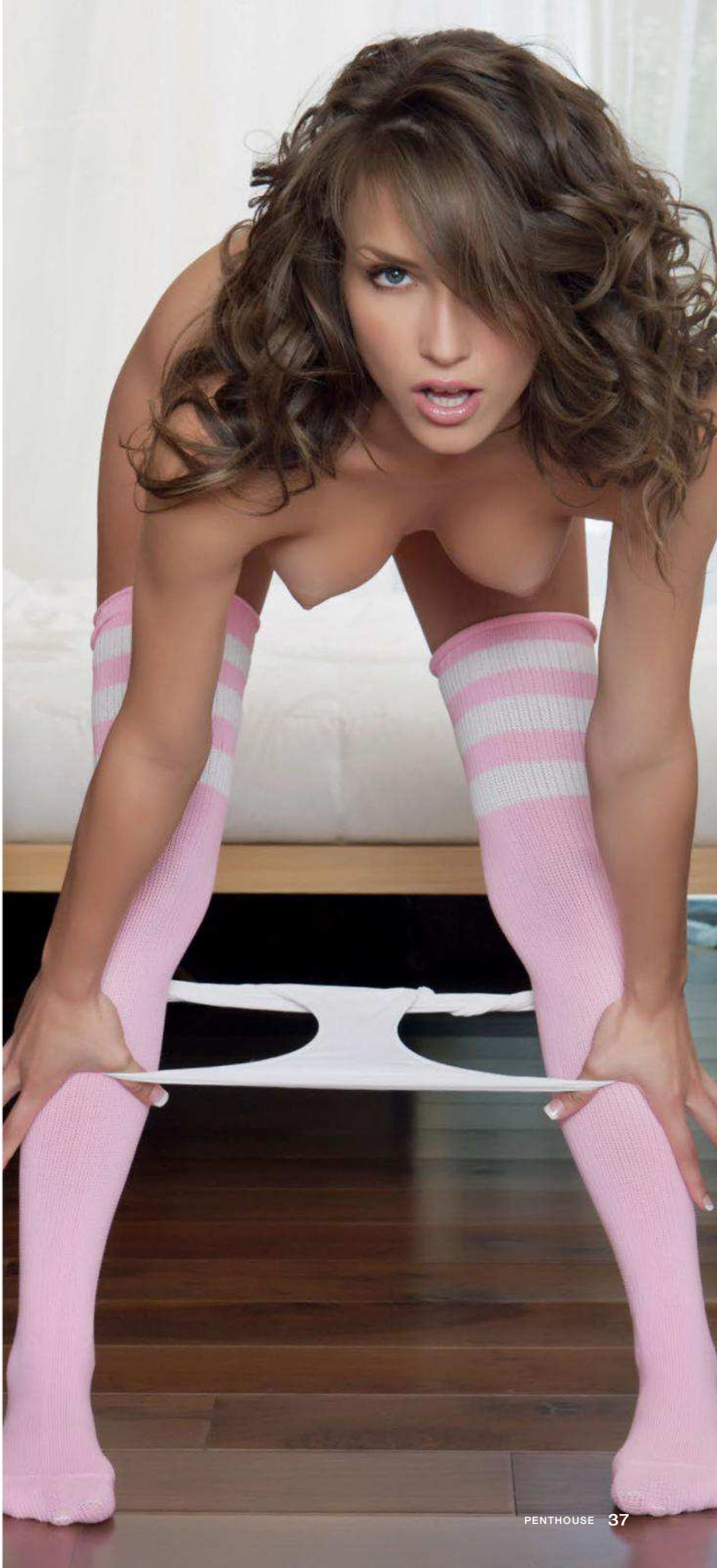


MALENA MORGAN TO THE RESCUE

If you are anything like us, you read *Playboy Magazine* for the "articles." But lately, their "articles" aren't quite as arousing as we would like them to be. Don't worry…Malena is here to help! Simply tear her photos along the perforated lines and staple them to your favorite issue of *Playboy Magazine*. You're welcome, friends.







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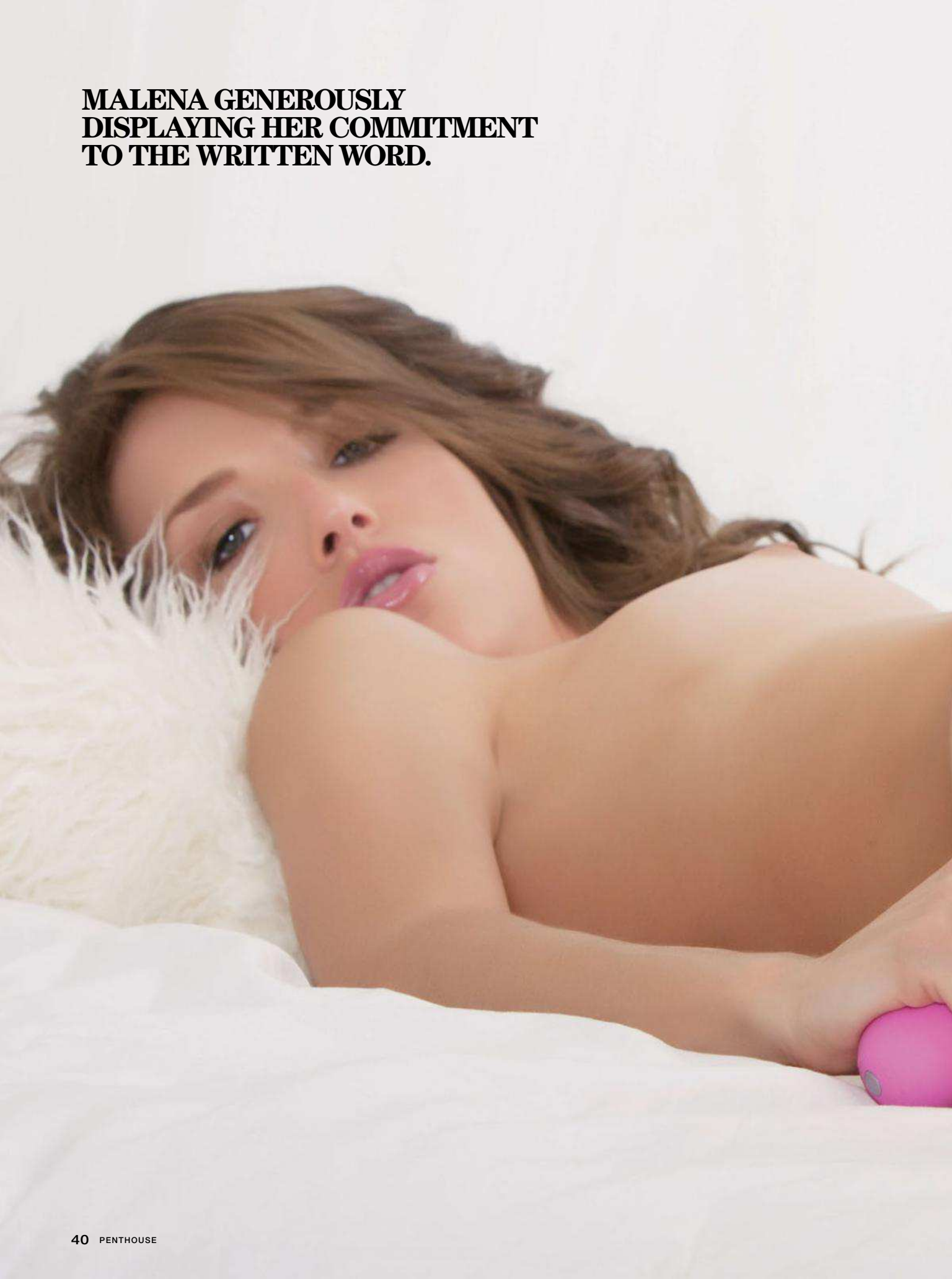


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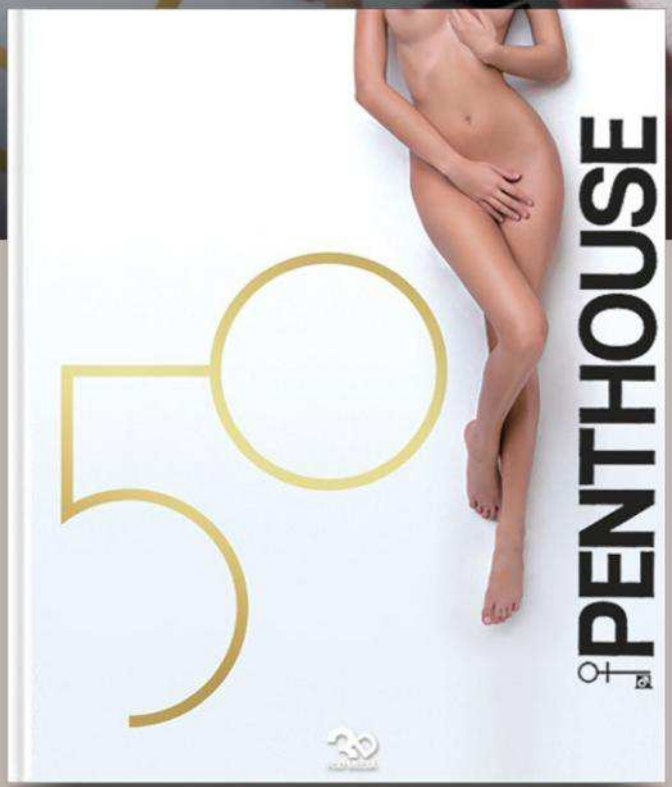
MALENA GENEROUSLY DISPLAYING HER COMMITMENT TO THE WRITTEN WORD.











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THE NEW SUPER POWERS



IF the recent Geneva Auto Show is anything to go by, technology is fast catching up with science fiction. Innovations in speed, design, and power that are already transforming driving into our inner 16-year-old's wet dream. Using terms like "super" or "mega," top-end companies such as Bugatti, Porsche, Lamborghini, and Ferrari all launched models and prototypes that looked like they had just raced out of a Marvel comic. But car companies aren't the only ones re-imagining our rides, as the next generation of jets, speedboats, and yachts push the limits on performance, luxury, and–of course–sticker price.

PHOTOS: BUGATTI MEDIA LOUNGE





BUGATTI CHIRON

The Bugatti Chiron was the Geneva sensation and not just for its $2.5M price tag. Seemingly styled inside and out by aliens, the 1500hp, quad-turbocharged 16-cylinder "hypercar" has a top speed of over 250mph to make it the world's "most powerful, fastest, and most luxurious super sports car."

LAMBORGHINI CENTENARIO LP 770-4

The Lamborghini Centenario LP 770-4 was another Geneva hit aand is billed as not only the company's most powerful ever but also–at $2M–its most expensive. All aerodynamic angles and scoops, the "supercar" blurs from zero to 60 in 2.8 seconds on a 770hp V-12 engine that can hit 220mph at full throttle.



PHOTO: MEDIA.LAMBORGHINI.COM

THE NEW SUPERPOWERS



ASTON MARTIN'S AM37S SPEEDBOAT

Aston Martin's AM37S speedboat is a smart detour for the luxury car company. The AM37S blends high-tech engineering for unprecedented power and speeds with a stunning, sleek epoxy resin, chrome, and leather design married to IQ-like voice control, HD touchscreen navigation, and multimedia that's tailor-made for the James Bond in you.

▷ AERION AS2 SUPERSONIC JET

An Aerion AS2 Supersonic Jet can cost over $100M, but the 50-foot plane can carry up to 12 passengers in exceptional luxury at speeds of Mach 1.5 or 930mph. Luckily, fractional jet ownership company Flexjet now has a fleet of them if you need a superfast getaway.

▷ PEUGEOT CITROËN'S E-TENSE

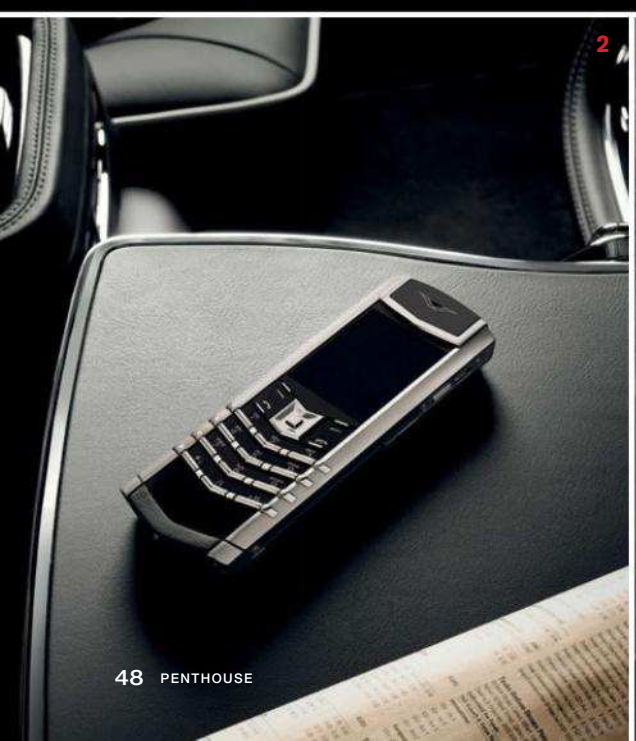
Peugeot Citroën's E-Tense is undoubtedly Geneva's future. All electric, the 2-seater concept coupe looks otherworldly with its 3D-printed grill, carbonfiber monocoque chassis, and embedded rear camera to replace the back window. The electric car isn't lacking for power, though; it goes from 0 to 60mph in 4.5 seconds on two electric motors with a range of over 180 miles.



PHOTO: MEDIA CENTRE


1.3
MILES
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3900
STEPS
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CONNECTED

1



2


20°
Sunny
14:25
FRI 05 MAR
13:00
Lunch with Anna
16:00
Riley drop off at
the swimming school
17:00
Emily piano lesson
Missed call from
Nolan 12:46 AM

3

POWER GADGETS

GEARED FOR SUCCESS

WHILE we may still be power dressing (occasionally) it's the gadgets we own, work or play with that are undoubtedly getting most of the attention these days. Even though your suit can still turn heads, more and more it's how cool, smart, or cutting edge your high-tech gear is that really turns heads.

We take a look at some of the best you'll need around the office, on the plane, or just in the bar to really stand out.

1 / Billed as the world's first luxury Android smartwatch, **TAG Heuer's Carrera Connected** is a handsome newcomer to an increasingly crowded market. TAG's got no time for plastic of course, opting instead for grade 2 titanium, LCD scratch-resistant sapphire crystal, customizable displays, Intel chips for the smarts, and an upgrade offer after two years.

2 / Apple and Samsung have called the smartphone shots for a while, but **Vertu's Signature Touch** is something new. Great looking and hand-made in titanium, ceramic, and leather, the Android phone ticks off robust storage, camera, and 5.2 inch 1080P LCD screen in tandem with a 24-hour global concierge for entertainment, dining, and travel assistance.

3 / Sony's Xperia Projector turns any surface into an interactive tablet or smartphone screen and the prototype was a sensation at this year's SXSW. The tiny, fully autonomous device lets you play games, work on documents, send messages, and even make video calls pretty much anywhere you take it and could soon be a must-have in the C-Suite, traveling, or at home.

4 / The future is mobile and that's why the hybrid laptop/tablet is such a winner these days. **Microsoft's Surface Book** is the standout in a crowded field. Beautifully designed and built, it's also one of the most powerful, ultraslim, and smartest versions on the market with the inventive dynamic fulcrum hinge for a simple detach of the "clipboard" for a fully functioning PC. Nice.







5 / For true power, however, you need a remote presence robot to do your bidding. **The Double 2** from Double Robotics may set you back a few thousand dollars, but this simple robot lets you "walk and talk" remotely using its wide-angle, 150-degree lens, lateral stability control for any office obstacle, and 1.5mph speed to help keep up.

PHOTO: MEDIA CENTRE


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INNOVATION

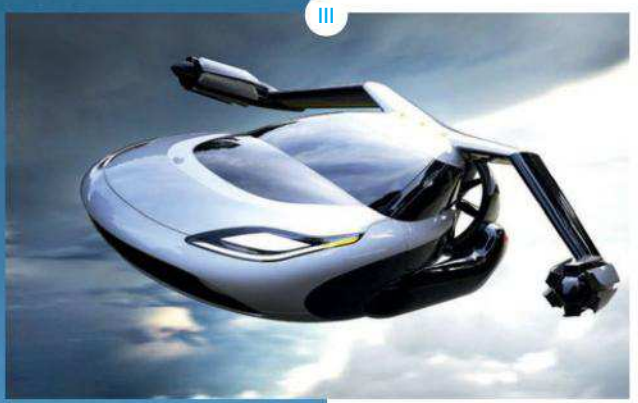
HYBRIDS THAT DON'T SUCK

THE way we get around is not only getting more potent, but it's also a lot more inventive. Everything from wings to water are getting re-imagined as ultra-luxurious, digital playthings that are as much about where you're at as where you're going. IQ and innovation are offering new takes on cars, planes, and boats, while introducing mash-ups of what's possible in the air, road, water, or even space. These strange hybrids breach the physical limitations of transport and deliver a whole new freedom in personal mobility.

II



III



IV



V



PHOTO: MEDIA CENTRE

I / If you need to leave Earth, **Virgin Galactic's Space Ship Two (SS2)** will take you. The SS2 "rocket-plane" will take six passengers to 60 miles above the world to experience weightlessness. While a ticket costs well over $100,000, plenty of A-listers like Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie have already paid up.

II / Toyota's i-Road Personal Mobility Concept was one of the first in the race to make 3-wheel motorcycle /car mash-ups. A whole new take on rapid urban travel, the i-Road's futuristic compact design, all-electric power, "tilting" ultra-maneuverability and zero emissions makes for a powerful option for life in a fast city.

III / Move over Harry Potter, because **Terrafugia's Transition** is a real flying car (or "roadable aircraft") that is so disruptive it needs new government rules. Ingenious folding wings, glass cockpit avionics, and carbonfiber construction means it can be parked at home and driven to the airport for takeoff. The company's taking orders, but you'll need at least $500,000.

IV / Sweden's Gray Design sees a special bond between yachts and golf. Their latest, the catamaran-like **Fairwei**, is laid out over four decks with plenty of room for golfing... On it you will find putting greens, a tee-off point to practice drives above the flydeck, and a chipping green to work on your short game.

V / E-Volo's Volocopter VC200 is an electric, 2-seater multicopter/drone mash-up that comes with 18 rotors and a joystick for vertical takeoff and landing. A new aircraft category altogether, the VC200 is reportedly simple to fly and highly stable with networked microprocessors and sensors for control. Expect to pay close to $400,000 when it finally takes off.

POWER APPS

VIRTUALLY A BILLIONAIRE

APPS and what we want from them, like everything else digital, keep changing. They may have started out as addictive games then moved on to instant messaging, but have become shortcuts to make our stressful, time-poor lives a little bit easier. Working hand-in-hand with the boom in so-called on-demand businesses, offering everything from chefs to chauffeurs, the latest apps are delivering the sort of lifestyle once only enjoyed by the very rich. Better still, bringing all these virtual staff into your life can be done when and where you want, without the hassles of hiring, firing, or paying for dental. Here's our top three.



iBillionaire

iBillionaire is the app that could actually make you one and does away with trying to make sense of your broker's texts. It works by constantly streaming investment advice, data, and deals from actual billionaires like Warren Buffett or George Soros alongside an index of the top 30 companies business leaders have backed.

Luxe

U.S.-based Luxe is like a babysitter for a spoiled car. Its app tells Luxe where you're driving and their blue-jacketed valets meet you and park your car, returning when you're ready to go. They'll also gas it up and detail it and even drive you home if you're too drunk.

Kitchensurfing

We can't wait for New York startup Kitchensurfing to be rolled out worldwide. Plenty of apps will deliver groceries or take-out meals but this one actually sends chefs to cook for you in your own kitchen. They bring all the ingredients and gear and promise a home-cooked gourmet meal in about half an hour. And yep, they clean up and do the dishes!

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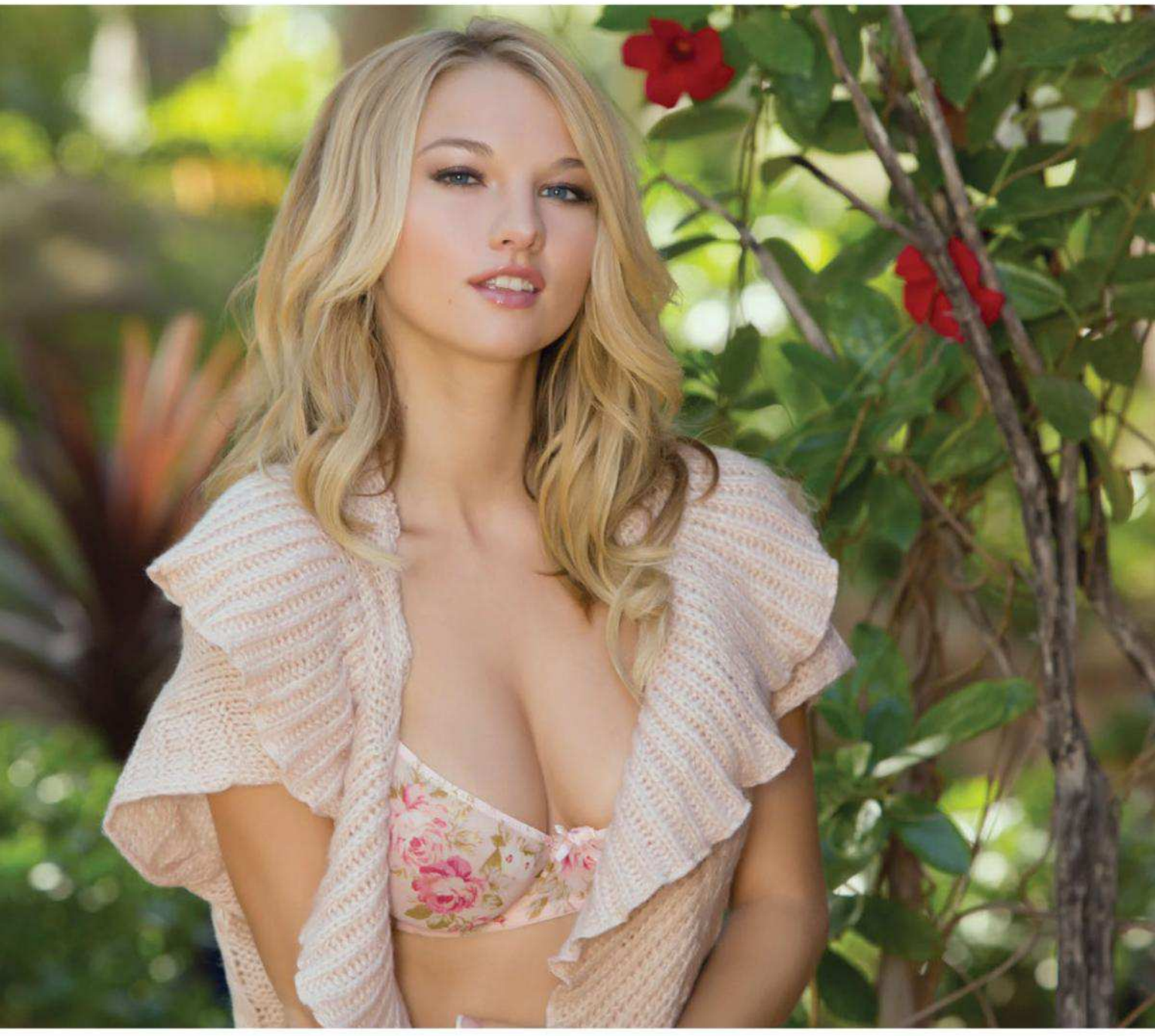
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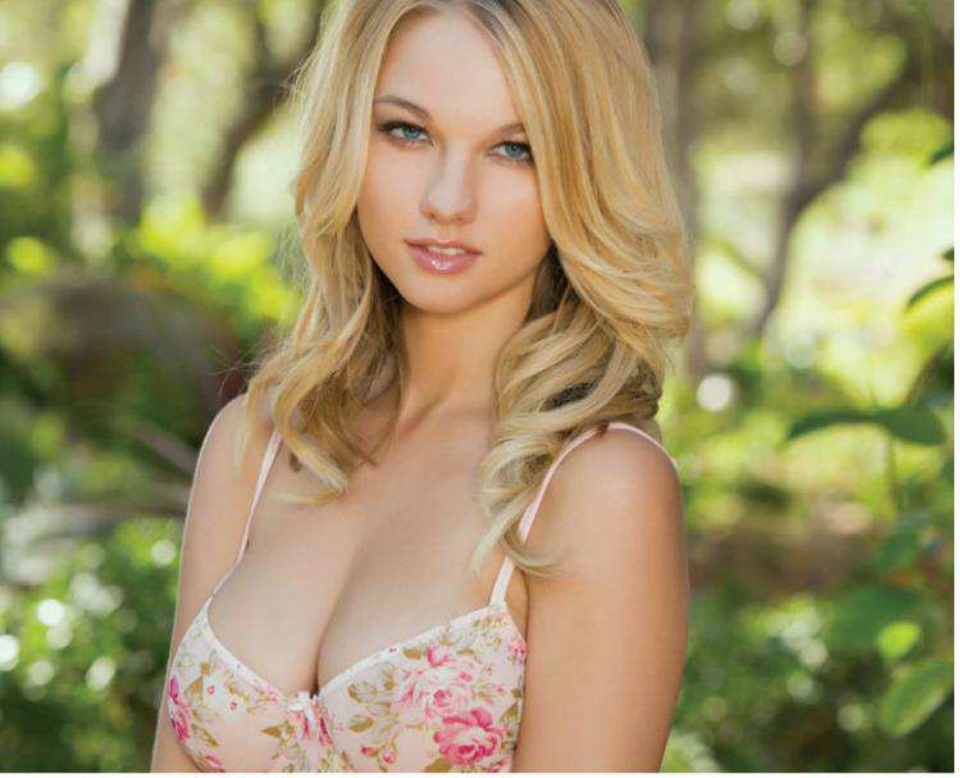


STUDENT BODY

Lily Ivy, the June 2016 Pet of the Month, is a genuine giver. The 20-year-old knockout is busy studying to get her Master's degree in the noble field of spiritual psychology, yet somehow still finds time to help us learn anatomy. We have no idea what spiritual psychology is, but we would love for her to tell us about it. In person. In great detail. *Sloooowly.*

Photography: Tammy Sands







“THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEX WITH THE GUY I’M DATING NOW, I PUSHED HIM UP AGAINST HIS BEDROOM DOOR AND TOLD HIM NOT TO MOVE.”







"MY RECURRING FANTASY IS TO HAVE A THREESOME WITH JACK AND KATE FROM THE TV SHOW *LOST*."







"EACH SEXUAL EXPERIENCE IS ONE-OF-A-KIND. THAT'S WHAT MAKES SEX SO AWESOME."



"HIP HOP MUSIC FROM THE EARLY 2000'S ALWAYS GETS ME IN THE MOOD."









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PENTHOUSE
LILY IVY JUNE 2016 PET OF THE MONTH


PENTHOUSE
LILY IVY JUNE 2016 PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:
32-25-35; 5'6"
20 years old

Hometown:
York, Pennsylvania

What is your favorite food?
I'm a vegetarian on my way to becoming a vegan, so give me all the veggies! Also wine. And water. Duh.

Tell us a little bit about your attraction to spiritual psychology.
Spiritual psychology combines both Eastern and Western beliefs and philosophies into the practice of counseling. I think it's cool to benefit from the best of what both worlds have to offer: Western science and Eastern thought and process.

If you could live anywhere in the world…
It would be amazing to live on every continent at some point in my life for an extended period of time. Except maybe Antarctica.

But what if you could only live in one place in the world?
Bali is my dream destination, but I also absolutely love Latin America. I find the culture to be beautiful.

What is your favorite part about posing for Penthouse Magazine?
The sexual liberation. The opportunity to express myself as I wish.

Describe your first time in three words.
Slightly below average.

Would you rather lose the ability to achieve an orgasm, or lose your right arm?
Screw my right arm. I'm a lefty anyway!

What about getting caught masturbating? Parents or pizza delivery guy?
Pizza delivery guy by far. Hopefully I would get the pizza for free.

SEE MORE OF LILY AT
PENTHOUSE.COM

FORUM REJECTS



ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM PENTHOUSE LETTERS

VALENTINE'S DAY

DEAR Penthouse,

I am writing this letter to describe a unique Valentine's Day experience I had. It was February 14th and some unattached friends and I were at a local bar. We were having a few drinks when I noticed an attractive blonde woman at the bar. I am a fairly good-looking guy and fancy myself a master in the "art" of eye contact in these types of situations. This woman was looking at me with that "special" kind of look.

I had enough liquid courage in me to introduce myself. Her name was Michelle, and it turns out she was at the bar all by herself. Would I like to join her? Michelle looked to be in her mid-twenties, with a slim figure and a firm chest. She was fair-skinned and blonde. She may even have been a real blonde but I never care.

We found a table away from my drinking buddies. As soon as we sat down, Michelle began flirting with me and touching me with that innocent kind of contact that I find so arousing. First she placed her hand on my knee, and then she touched my arm, then my face. Before I knew it, we were sharing a long passionate kiss. It was time to leave the bar.

IT WAS TURNING ME ON. I REMOVED MY SHOES AND SOCKS, THEN MY PANTS.

At her apartment, Michelle left me to open a bottle of wine for us while she slipped into something a bit more comfortable. When she returned, she was wearing a red teddy and thong. She looked fantastic! I couldn't believe my luck. I held her tight, warm body against mine and we kissed and kissed. In a passionate embrace we made our way to her bedroom.

In the bedroom I laid her lithe frame on the bed and I removed my clothes. I was a little nervous while disrobing in front of her. She encouraged me by telling me how strong I looked. As I removed my shirt she told me she was eager to feel me on top of her and inside her. It was turning me on. I removed my shoes and socks, then my pants.

As I stood there in my boxer shorts, Michelle could see my manhood bulging away. I was as hard as I could possibly be. I pulled down my underwear to expose my penis. As Michelle reached for it, my heart raced. Soon her warm hand touched its shaft. I ejaculated. My man juice coated the back of her wrist. Some even shot wildly forward and landed on her disappointed face.

Tom Nardone, Birmingham, MI



PETTING ZOO



BY SAM PHILLIPS











KAYDEN KROSS

JUNE 1993 Pet of the month Sam Phillips catches up with Kayden Kross, our Pet from September 2008.

5 THINGS I FOUND OUT ABOUT KAYDEN:

1. "Binge-watching TV makes me feel extreme guilt."
2. "I think bras that hook in the front are unsexy."
3. "Food that I can't resist: brownies, chocolate chip cookies, and chocolate cake."
4. "I think women who wear high heels for no reason are either ridiculous or powerful. There's no in-between."
5. "I have never broken a bone."


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POWERFUL URGES

A wise (spider) man once said, "With great power comes great responsibility." The same can be said about beauty, an equally intoxicating force. 21-year-old Katie is the physical embodiment of power, sex and beauty. Gentlemen, take note.

Photography: Tony Veziris Model: Katie K Hair & Beauty: Emma Luciano
Model wears: Breitling watch, American Apparel



“POWER IS THE ULTIMATE APHRODISIAC.”

– HENRY KISSINGER





"POWER IS NOT REVEALED BY STRIKING HARD OR OFTEN, BUT BY STRIKING TRUE."

–HONORÉ DE BALZAC




"EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD IS ABOUT SEX EXCEPT SEX. SEX IS ABOUT POWER."
–OSCAR WILDE


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NO STRINGS ATTACHED

Valerie Vixen knows what she wants. It's late at night and she has the house all to herself for a change. That's when you get her text.
"Come over."
"Pretty please."
Resistance is futile. You are now her booty call.

Photography: Tammy Sands

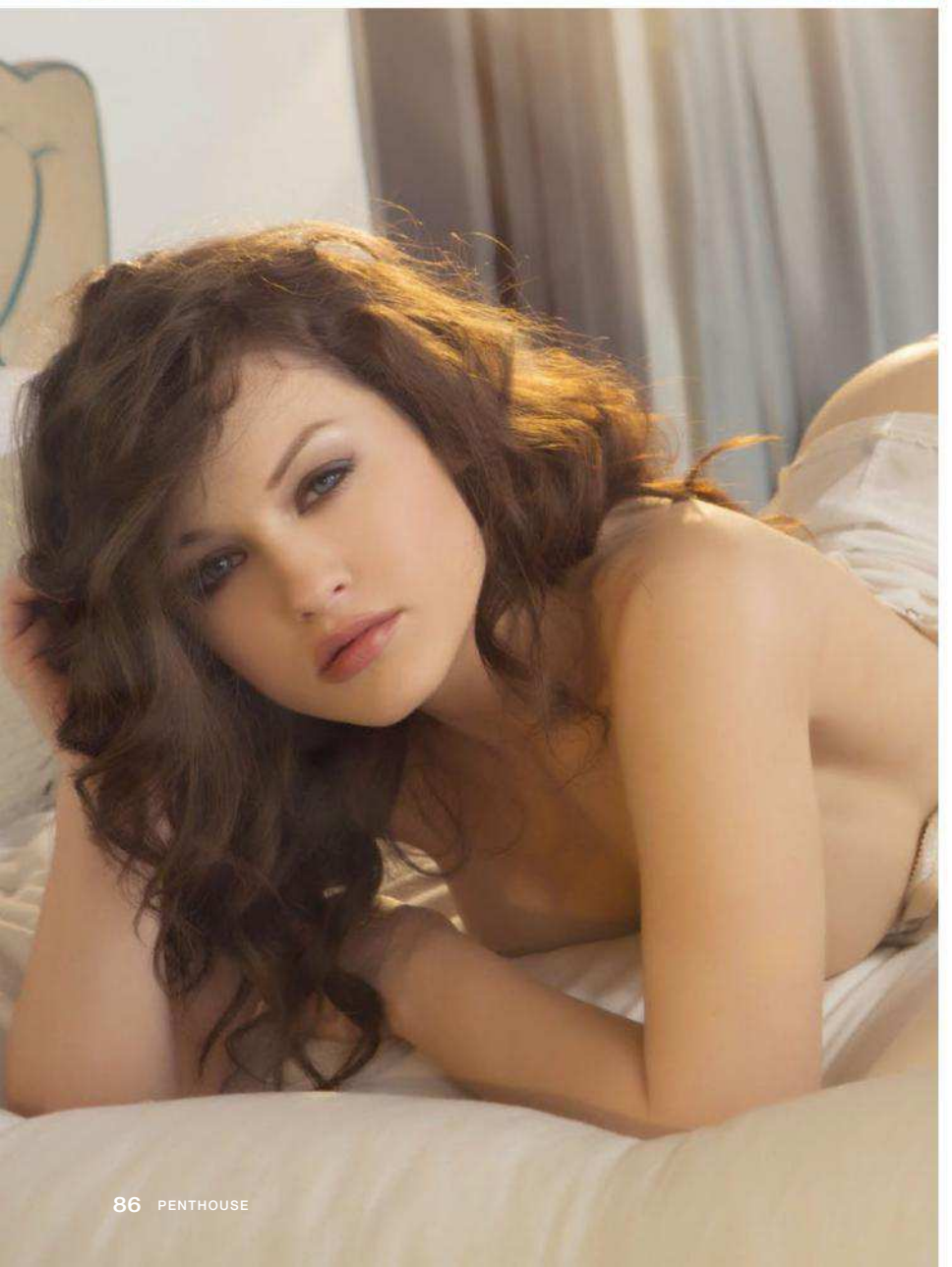






















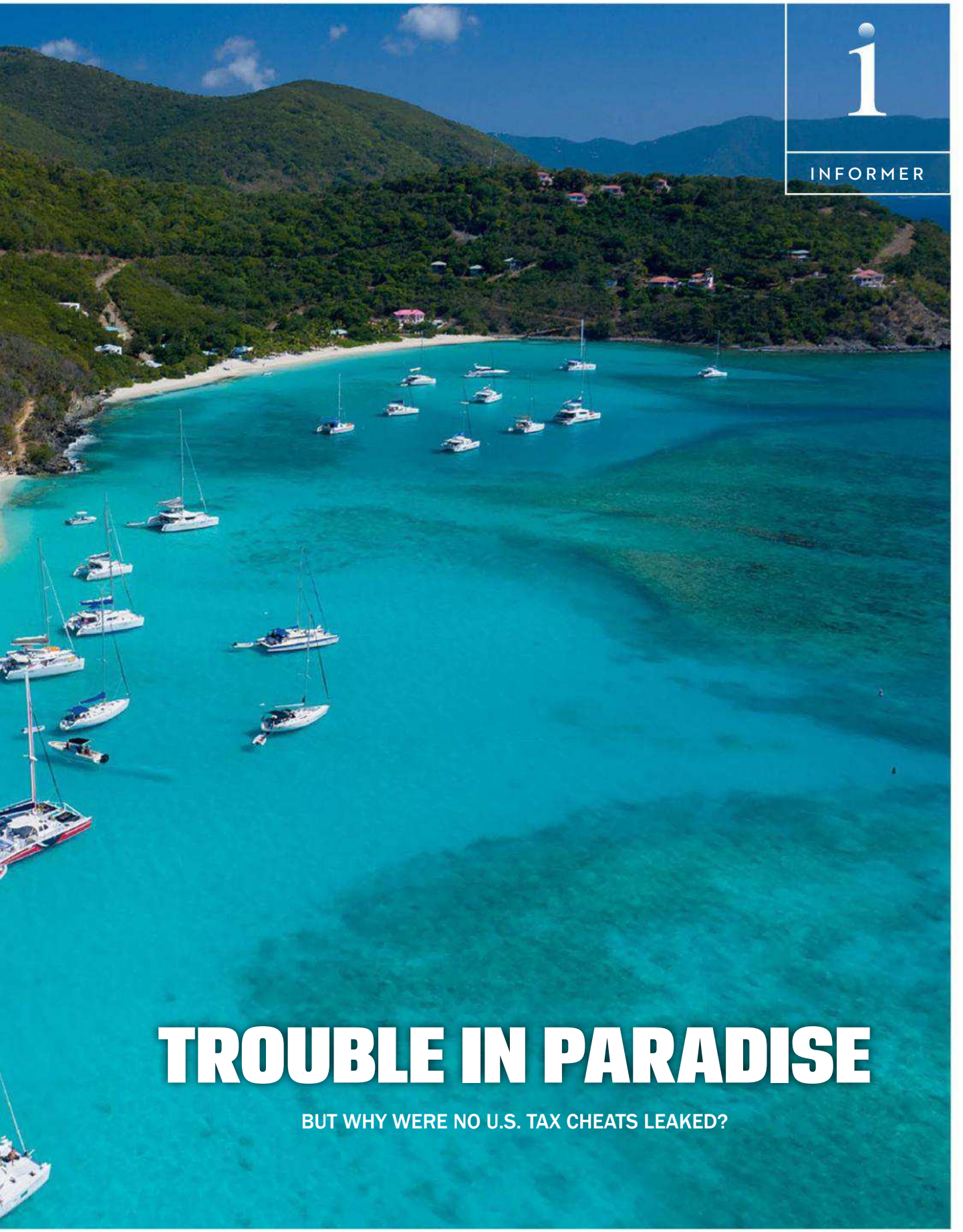




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TROUBLE IN PARADISE

BUT WHY WERE NO U.S. TAX CHEATS LEAKED?





IMAGE: ISTOCK.COM

MONEY CANAL

GREETINGS FROM PANAMA - CHEAT ON YOUR TAXES IN PARADISE

BY SEAN BRUCE

"HELLO. This is John Doe. Interested in data?"

These were the first words from an anonymous source that led to the largest data leak in history. For a year, via encrypted channels, information about the shadowy dealings of Panamanian law firm Mossack Fonseca (MF) was leaked to Bastian Obermeyer, an investigative reporter working for German newspaper *Sueddeutche Zeitung.*

Obermeyer quickly responded: "We're very interested."

The person on the other end insisted that certain security measures be followed prior to the transfer of information.

"My life is in danger. We will only chat over encrypted files. No meeting, ever," the anonymous source wrote.

When asked why they were willing to undergo such a large scale and risky operation, the unknown person on the other end of the encrypted channel replied bluntly: "I want to make these crimes public."

After a year of investigation conducted in secret by over 400 journalists around the world, the findings have implicated world leaders, famous athletes, celebrities, politicians, and the mega-wealthy.

So, what kind of service does MF provide and why has it got everybody talking? Mossack Fonseca helped to set up so-called 'shell companies' in overseas tax-havens. These companies are used to hide the identity and wealth of an individual. This is not technically illegal, and often it is a prudent business decision to establish an offshore company. If you wished, for example, to engage in a joint venture with a Chinese national, but you didn't trust the judicial system in China to protect your interests, a shell company could be established in a neutral territory with a reliable judicial system. The issue that is becoming more and more evident through the Panama Papers is the extent to which these offshore companies are being used to help the elite avoid paying their fair share of taxes and in some cases launder money obtained through illegal activities. This is a serious issue–it has long been suspected that the rich and powerful were abusing their status to avoid legal obligations to society–the Panama Papers have provided us with hard evidence of this fact. The average citizen is forced to play by the rules while the wealthy simply make their own.

The range of services MF provides and the extent to which the company will go to protect clients' wealth is outstanding. When legal papers filed in U.S. District Court in Las Vegas linked funds embezzled by an associate of a former Argentine president to MF, the company initially attempted to block a subpoena demanding information on its client. According to information found in the leaked documents, when this failed, a team of IT staff based in Panama attempted to wipe clean or obscure any information relating to the case. Emails exchanged suggested that they went as far as to send an employee from Panama to Nevada to spirit away physical documentation. "When Andrés came to Nevada he cleaned up everything and brought all documents to Panama," a Sept. 24, 2014 email stated.

‘MY LIFE IS IN DANGER. WE WILL ONLY CHAT OVER ENCRYPTED FILES. NO MEETING, EVER.’

In addition, leaked files showed employees would regularly backdate documentation to help their clients receive financial advantages. This practice was so commonplace that email transcripts show employees discussing a pricing structure–clients would pay $8.75 for every month a document is backdated.

When questioned by the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists, the firm responded that it "does not foster or promote illegal acts. Your allegations that we provide shareholders with structures supposedly designed to hide the identity of the real owners are completely unsupported and false."

The firm's co-founder Ramon Fonseca indicated in a recent interview that it is not the responsibility of the company to ensure that its client's behavior is legal. In a sense he is right–it is not illegal to establish a shell company overseas and it is not illegal to insist on privacy in the management of assets. Fonseca related the creating of shell-companies to the manufacture of cars, arguing that holding Mossack Fonseca responsible for what its clients did with their companies was similar to holding a car factory responsible "if the car was used in a robbery."

The leaks have already seen some big names exposed for their involvement with offshore companies. Most notably, Vladimir Putin, former KGB agent and current President of Russia is linked to approximately $2 billion in funds squirrelled away in a vast network of overseas companies. That Putin is involved in shady dealings is probably news to no one. Prime Minister David Cameron, on the other hand, urged his country's overseas territories to help him to prevent tax evasion and create greater transparency in offshore business dealings.

Of course, had he simply asked his own father, he would have a good idea of how difficult that task would be. The late Ian Cameron, father to the Prime Minister, had hired MF to help set up his own offshore company to protect his investment company from U.K. tax law.

Perhaps the biggest fallout yet has been the resignation of Iceland's Prime Minister. Sigmundur Davio Gunnlaugsson stood down when his holdings in an offshore company were revealed during a televised interview. The company held bank bonds for three of the major Icelandic banks that collapsed in the early stages of the Global Financial Crisis. Gunnlaugsson had advocated against state bail-out measures that would have prevented those banks going bust. The fact he did not declare this clear conflict of interest has now landed him in significant political trouble.

The list of other notable public figures includes the "usual suspects": mega-wealthy public officials who have long prospered in countries lacking the judicial frameworks to prevent them from accruing massive wealth and power over the people they rule. This includes heads and former heads of state from Iraq, Jordan, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, and Ukraine.

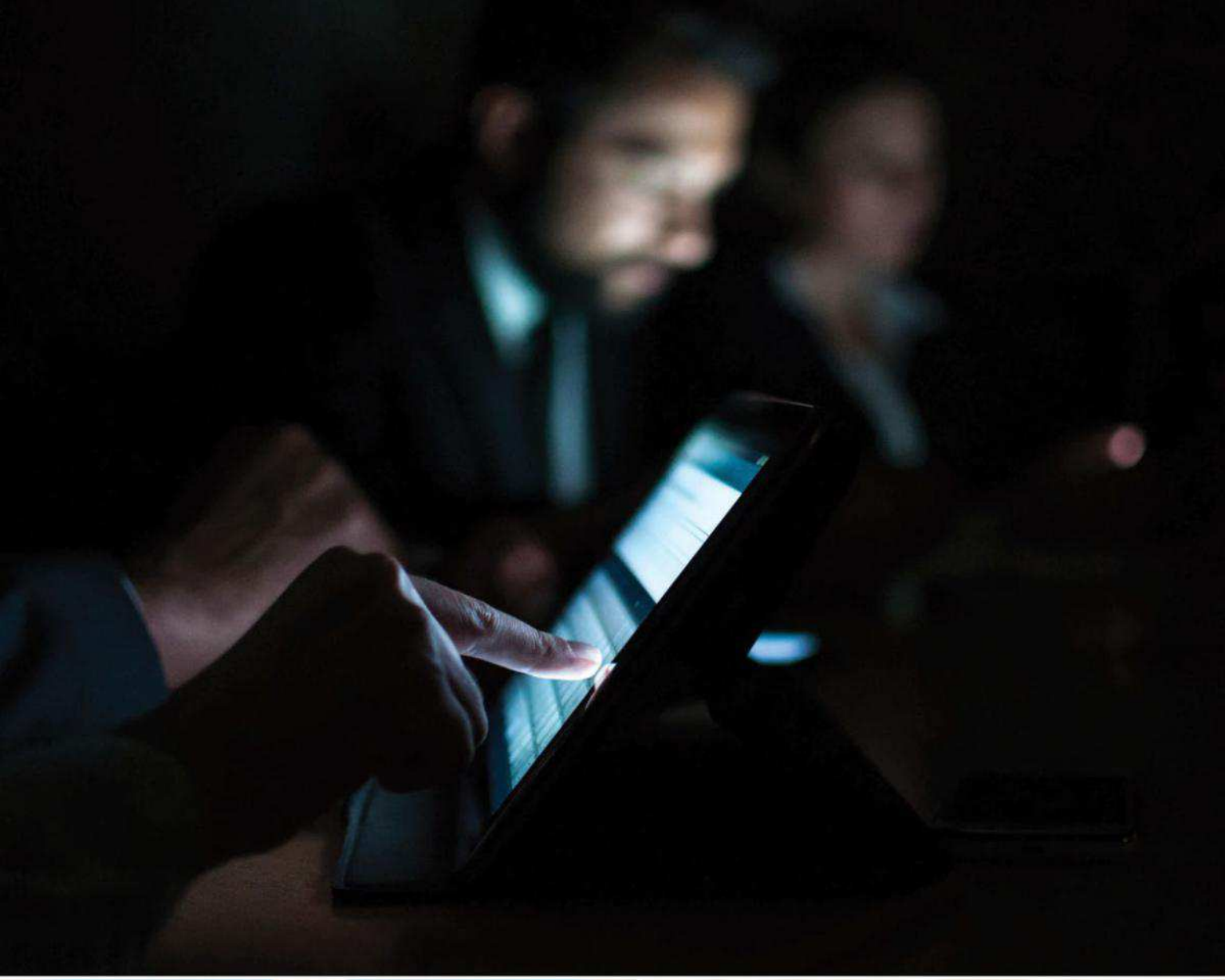
But perhaps what is most intriguing is the suspicious absence of wealthy Americans from those named and shamed in the leak. Many pundits have proffered the explanation that Panama simply isn't the destination of choice for wealthy Americans wanting to disguise their considerable assets. Then again, why would it be? The United States already provides all the means for any wealthy individual wishing to seek refuge from tax.

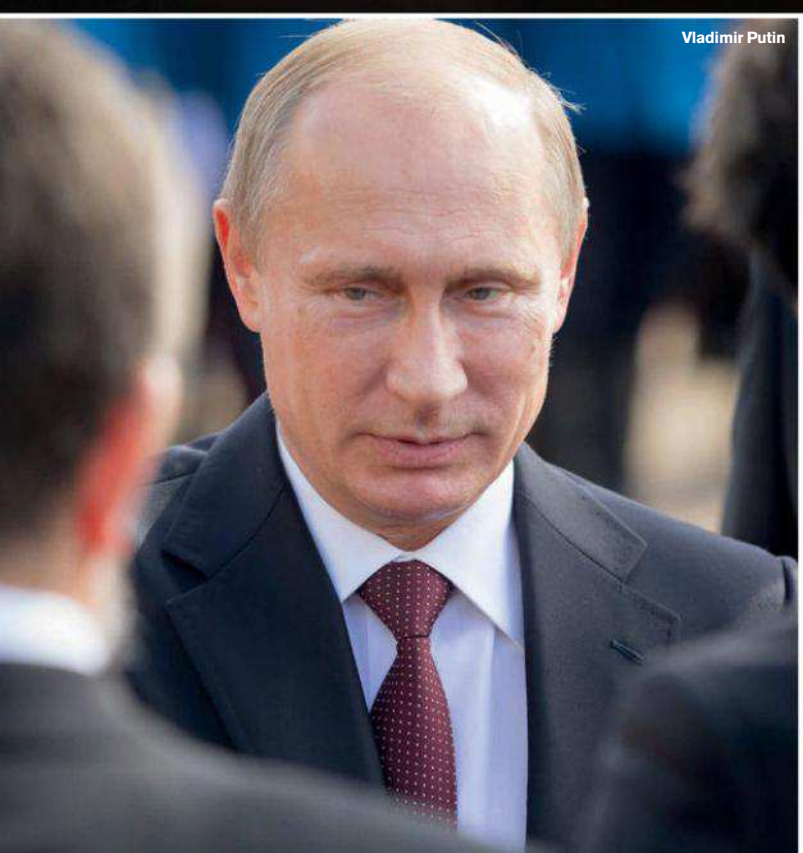
The U.S. is "effectively the biggest tax haven in the world," wrote Andrew Penney, a managing director at Rothschild & Co., a branch of the centuries-old European financial institution.

In fact, wealthy individuals from all around the world have been pulling their money out of traditional offshore tax havens such as the Bahamas and the British Virgin Islands and putting it into U.S. tax havens located in Wyoming, Nevada, and South Dakota.

The hypocrisy of the U.S. being a number one destination for those looking to hide their wealth is palpable. On one hand the U.S. passed legislation in 2010–the Foreign Accounts Act, or FATCA–that requires overseas financial firms to disclose

IMAGES: ISTOCK.COM





Vladimir Putin



David Cameron

the activities of U.S. citizens and report them to the IRS, with failure to do so resulting in heavy fines and penalties. On the other hand, when an international organization proposed an agreement between countries to expose the dealings of offshore account holders–an agreement that was based on FATCA–the United States refused to sign on. Since 2014, 97 nations have signed the agreement, requiring them to disclose activities–the bank accounts, the investments, and trusts–of international customers. Among those who declined: the illustrious and powerful nations of Bahrain, Nauru, and Vanuatu–oh, and the United States of America.

"How ironic–no, how perverse–that the USA, which has been so sanctimonious in its condemnation of Swiss banks, has become the banking secrecy jurisdiction du jour," writes Peter A. Cotorceanu, a lawyer at Zurich law firm Anaford AG in a recent legal journal. "That 'giant sucking sound' you hear? It is the sound of money rushing to the USA."

The same international organization that attempted to sign the U.S. onto an agreement that would increase transparency in overseas finances, the OECD, once called Panama the "last major holdout" in maintaining secrecy and hiding funds offshore. However, as a result of increased scrutiny from the Panamanian

‘OF COURSE, THE "BIGGEST TAX HAVEN IN THE WORLD" IS THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.’

government and, of course, as a result of the recent Panama Papers leaks, it is looking as if Panama is no longer going to be a viable destination for the discerning tax-dodger. With wealthy individuals pulling their money out of tax havens from all around the world, where could they possibly want to put it?

Perhaps in one of the only countries that has so far failed to sign on to a major agreement regarding increased transparency for international account holders? A country that is already seeing a growth in firms willing to set-up companies with the benefits of low taxation. A country that, in some states, requires less proof of identity to set up a company than it does to get a library card.

The new Switzerland. The "biggest tax haven in the world." The United States of America.

It would be interesting, albeit perhaps overly-conspiratorial of this author, to suggest a connection between the restrictions being placed on overseas tax havens, the Panama Papers, and the powerful legal and financial firms offering to set up minimally taxed companies in the U.S.

Luckily, there is no need for me to do it, as paranoid types are being proved right.

Notably, Bradley Birkenfeld, arguably the most significant financial whistleblower of all time. Following his time as a Swiss banker, Birkenfeld handed over information on numerous U.S. tax evaders, some of whom he had once helped to hide assets









IMAGES: ISTOCK.COM

while an employee at Switzerland's massive bank, UBS. His $104 million reward from the IRS arrived just weeks after he had been paroled from prison for–you guesssed it–abetting tax evasion.

In an interview with CNBC, Birkenfeld argued that the source of the Panama Papers leak was not a whistleblower like himself, but rather the result of a coordinated intelligence operation directed from the United States.

"The CIA is behind this, in my opinion," Birkenfeld told CNBC.

The basis for his accusation was the absence of American citizens named in the hack in contrast with the number of "enemies of the United States." He was referring to the number of high-profile citizens from countries such as China, Russia, Pakistan, and Argentina who had been named in the Panama Papers leak.

Of course, there remains the question: if the CIA or other U.S. intelligence agencies orchestrated the hack, why would they implicate David Cameron or the Prime Minister of Iceland? Birkenfeld believes those men were simply collateral damage.

During his time as a Swiss banker, he knew that MF was a piece of the offshore banking puzzle that enabled individuals to hide money from tax authorities, but mentioned that they were relatively small in the grand scheme of things.

Conspiracy aside, the revelation that the mega-wealthy elite have been gaming the system is huge.

Well, it *should* be huge.

There has always been the suspicion that the 1 percent do not play by the same rules as regular people. However here, we have hard evidence; and likely just the tip of the iceberg. How many more hypocritical politicians and shady billionaires are living off of the services that are provided through tax money–the roads, the hospitals, the educational facilities–that are paid for by average people on average incomes? The unfortunate reality is that we have become desensitized to these kinds of abuses of power. It is an incredible shame that we have practically come to expect it. That when faced with the sheer level of unmitigated corruption we simply shrug and move on.

So why should billionaires have all the fun?

Turns out it's surprisingly easy to hide your money offshore First, a simple Google search will suffice. The establishment of offshore companies is not illegal and not even particularly expensive. While usually the realm of very wealthy individuals, an offshore company will most likely set you back around $2000.

Once you have established which firm you want to do business with (Pro Tip: Mossack Fonseca may not be the best choice), it's time to put in some details.

You can pick your company name–make it something interesting- like "April Fool"–the offshore company held by Sanford Weill, former CEO of Citigroup.

You are then able to choose from the veritable selection of tax havens around the world. This includes the Cayman Islands, Samoa, Panama, the Seychelles, the British Virgin Islands and Belize. Of course, you could always nominate to set up your company in the United States; however, if you live there, it's probably not the best idea.

The next thing you will be asked to do is to nominate a company director. In most cases, this is not you. Of course, you're not trying to hide anything. You simply don't want to be linked to the dealings of your offshore company in any way. Just in case.

So, you pay an extra fee to nominate a director. At Mossack Fonseca, this would usually be the name of one of the employees at the firm. At times this can lead to awkward scenarios, such as when one of the co-founders of Mossack became the director of a company owned by one of the most notorious Mexican drug traffickers of all time…

Still, this is not illegal. So you should probably do it. Just in case.

As part of this agreement, some firms will even provide you with a signed, undated copy of your director's resignation letter. This is so you have complete control–you can even backdate the letter, just in case you need them to have already resigned.

‘THE REVELATION THAT THE MEGA-WEALTHY ELITE HAVE BEEN GAMING THE SYSTEM IS HUGE.’

You will most likely be asked for a notarized copy of your passport and a utility bill. This is so that the company knows who you are and where you live. But don't worry, it would take a leak of seismic proportions to have this information revealed–most companies go to great lengths to protect their client's identity.

In the case that you really don't want any relationship with the company–simply pay a lawyer or close childhood friend–and use their identity to add an extra layer of secrecy. Just in case.

Like many services, there are additional options for the savvy offshore account holder–for an added price–of course. One such add-on is to buy a 'shelf-company'. This is a company that was established many years earlier. This way, your brand new company will appear to have existed for longer than it really has. Particularly useful if you are looking to get a bank loan or confuse any authorities who might be trying to track you down.

We presume that you aren't doing anything nefarious with your newly established company in the Cayman Islands, so you should probably do this–as it is completely legal.

After as little as 48 hours, you will be the proud owner of your very own offshore company.

Congratulations, you can now conduct completely legitimate business dealings that will be virtually untraceable. The only difference between you and billionaires is that when *you* get caught doing anything remotely suspicious, you will end up in a federal prison. You won't have the army of litigators or the government connections to protect you or the hidden mansions and yachts to hide away in. No, at the end of the day, you're still a regular dude with questionable holdings in an offshore company–*and you're fucked.*


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PENTHOUSE SPOKE TO JAKE GYLLENHAAL ABOUT HIS GRIPPING NEW ROLE, RESISTING CONVENTION, AND TESTING HIS LIMITS

AS handsome as he is talented, Jake Gyllenhaal has distinguished himself as an actor capable of great pathos, intensity, and sensitivity. In films ranging from "Brokeback Mountain" to "Zodiac" to "Nightcrawler," Gyllenhaal is a consistently riveting performer. Those are the qualities he brings to his new film, "Demolition," directed by French-Canadian filmmaker Jean-Marc Vallée in ("Dallas Buyers Club"), in which he plays a New York City investment banker struggling with grief following the death of his wife in an auto accident.

"He's a guy who's lived his life according to convention, according to what society says you should do," Gyllenhaal says. "He got married at an age when society suggests you should get married and he's found a good job and become successful according to what society defines as success. But when he faces the tragedy of his wife's death, he doesn't know who he is or how he should feel."

Demolition kicks off when Gyllenhaal's character, Davis, writes a letter to the vending machine company after becoming frustrated by a malfunctioning candy dispenser at the hospital where his wife dies. His complaints land at the desk of the company's customer services rep, Karen (Naomi Watts), and thus begins an odd relationship between two lost souls.

Gyllenhaal, 35, lives in New York where he remains close to his sister, actress Maggie Gyllenhaal. He was rumored to have been dating Rachel McAdams last year. He recently appeared in "Everest" and will be seen later this year co-starring with Amy Adams in "Nocturnal Animals," directed by fashion designer turned filmmaker Tom Ford ("A Single Man").

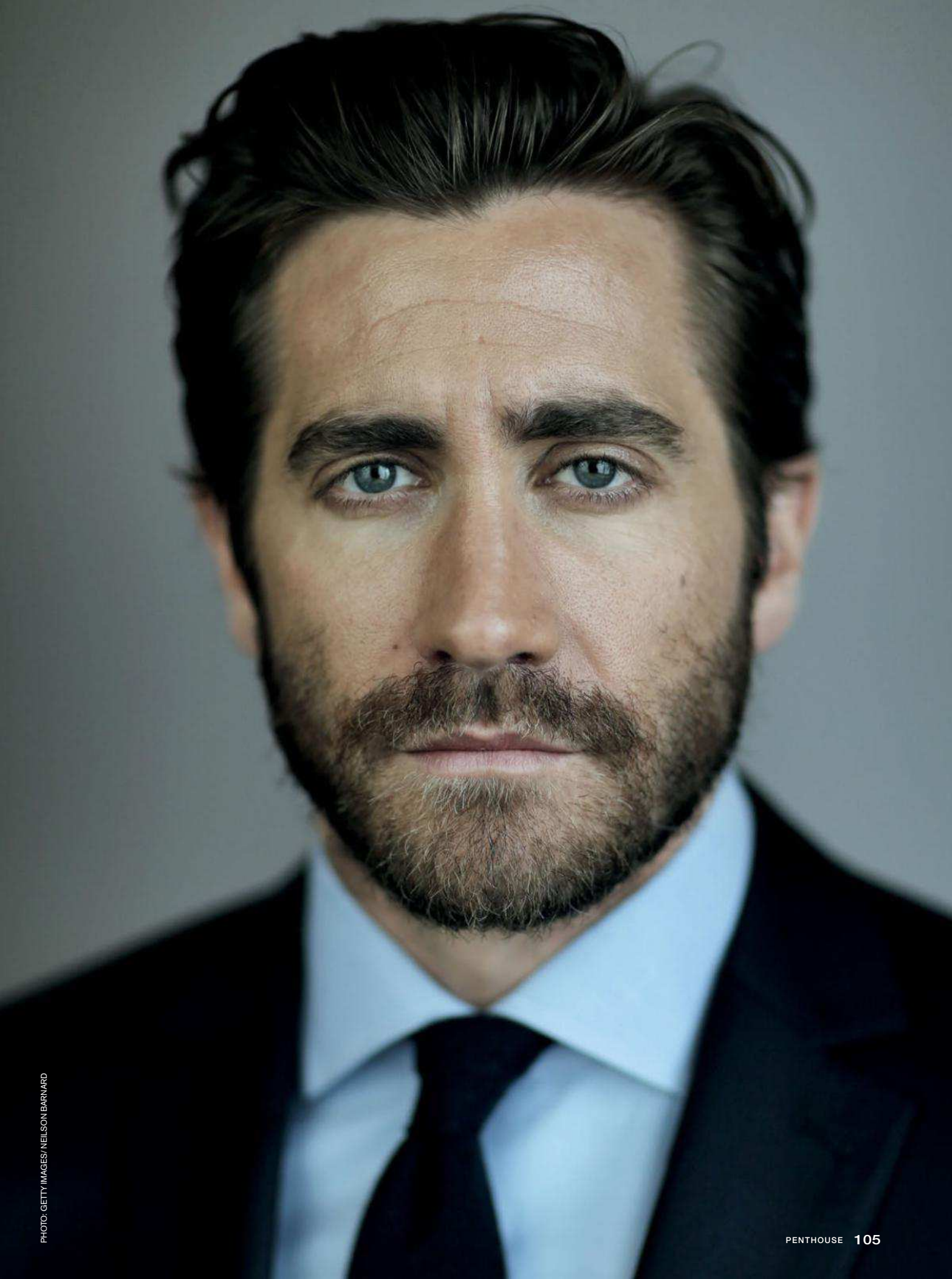
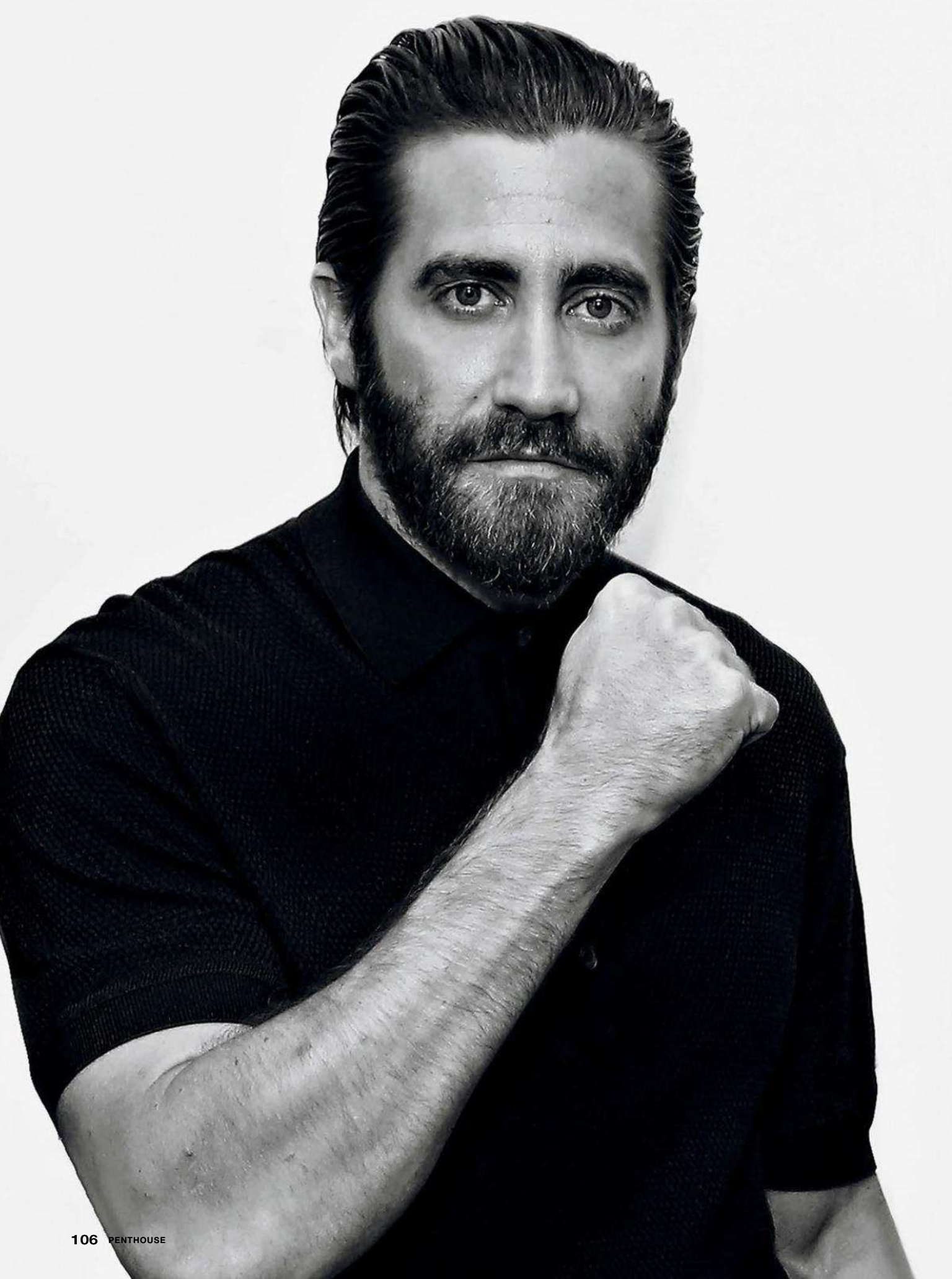


PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES/ NEILSON BARNARD



Jake, this is a very different kind of story about grief and loss, isn't it?
I saw it from the perspective of how we can walk around in life and not understand how we feel or who we really are. After my character loses his wife, he feels that he's been living a lie and that everything he thought was true about his world was false. He realizes that his choices were based on convention rather than his own instincts or dreams.

Is there a lesson to be learned from getting too comfortable or not being critical enough in how we examine the way we go through life?
One of the things you can take away from this story is how every time you think you're going down a conventional route, something comes along and sideswipes you, like the accident that takes the life of his wife. That's the kind of event that forces you out of your patterns and you begin thinking much more critically about your world and what you're doing in it. He doesn't want society telling him how he should feel.

Is fighting convention something you've tried to do during your life and career?
I think we're all always fighting convention in a way or we're not and then we succumb to that. Ultimately all that matters is what you as an individual believe in regardless of what other people tell you you should believe. I guess in a way that's something I'm trying to do as an artist but all human beings should be doing that because if we did we'd have a totally different world.

There are some striking scenes in the film, one of which has your character taking a sledgehammer to the house...
That's how the film also upsets your expectations and goes against conventional ways of storytelling. When Chris Cooper's character tells mine to "take things apart," most people would naturally assume that's a metaphor. But in this case it involves actually destroying a house. (Davis) needs to destroy his physical surroundings because that's his only way of coping because he's not able to express or release his emotions.

It's only after he meets Karen that he's able to start understanding himself and what is really going on inside himself. That's what was fascinating and also a bit disturbing for me as an actor. I wasn't able to express grief the way you normally would show it.

How did you approach translating your character's very different kind of response to dealing with his wife's death and trying to recover from that?
Normally I prepare very intensively before a movie and I spend several months trying to figure out my character, their job, and the world they inhabit. You try to absorb all of that so that your behavior and your responses as your character become very natural and become a part of you.

I didn't do that for this movie. Jean-Marc (Vallée) didn't want me to prepare or rehearse at all. He wanted to keep me off balance and not be able to rely on my usual ways of approaching my performance. Because my character isn't following a traditional pattern of grieving, if there is such a thing, Jean-Marc wanted me to feel as unsettled as possible.

Your character's relationship with Naomi Watts's character begins after writing complaint letters about a malfunctioning vending machine. Have you ever written such letters yourself?
When I was a little child I was in school and we were supposed to learn to write letters, complaint letters. So I decided to write to Kentucky Fried Chicken to tell them I was upset that they had decided to discontinue Chicken Littles, which were a particular type of mini-hamburger with fried chicken.

It was really upsetting to me at the time and I felt that they should bring them back. And I think indirectly I helped them do that! (Laughs)

(Writing complaint letters) is empowering and I encourage everyone to really express themselves and bring back whatever it is that they think has been taken away in their lives. In my case, it was really important to get Kentucky Fried chicken to bring back Chicken Littles–seriously!" (*Chicken Littles ultimately returned to the menu of KFC four years ago*–ED)

There's another wonderful moment in the film where your character is dancing on a train platform, in an elevator, and then in the streets?
I was always looking on the schedule as to when the dancing was going to be. And I was terrified, you know. (Jean-Marc) was pushing me back in a lot of ways...and then he would open the door and he would let me go!

I didn't know how much I wanted to express because he had pushed so much down that, when he allowed it, it was like: "Here's your little ticket to ride!"

You have always been willing to push yourself to the limit in films like "Nightcrawler," "Southpaw," and now in "Everest." Is that something that you feel driven to do?
I've always been anxious to challenge myself as much as possible. I've never wanted to do things that were easy or too comfortable. My parents were constantly trying to encourage me to push the envelope and test my limits as much as possible.

They feel that that's the way you grow as an individual because you're forcing yourself to exit your comfort zone. For me, life is all about discovery and risk and exploring new aspects of yourself as well as the world in general.

Does that sometimes mean you take things too far?
(Smiles) I'm hardest on myself. I'm very passionate about what I do and I can't take the easy way out. I just can't... Acting offers you an opportunity to find catharsis through the way you express the emotions of your characters and by behaving in ways that you wouldn't dare to in your own life.

Do you have a natural predilection towards characters that are either extreme or as emotionally complex or conflicted as possible?
I like characters who are as messy and complicated because that's who we are as humans. It's much more interesting for me to explore those states of being than playing characters who don't find themselves under stress or need to face up to serious problems. We're all struggling in our own particular ways and we all live in different states of joy, hope, fear, and anxiety. That's what makes us interesting and those are the kinds of characters I enjoy portraying.

I'VE NEVER WANTED TO DO THINGS THAT WERE EASY OR TOO COMFORTABLE.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES/CINDY ORD



Photo. Jennifer Malich Cravens Model: Dylan James, Roxxy Hart


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IMAGE: GETTY IMAGES/SILVER SCREEN COLLECTION

"A ONE-HORSE TOWN... BUT WHAT A HORSE!"

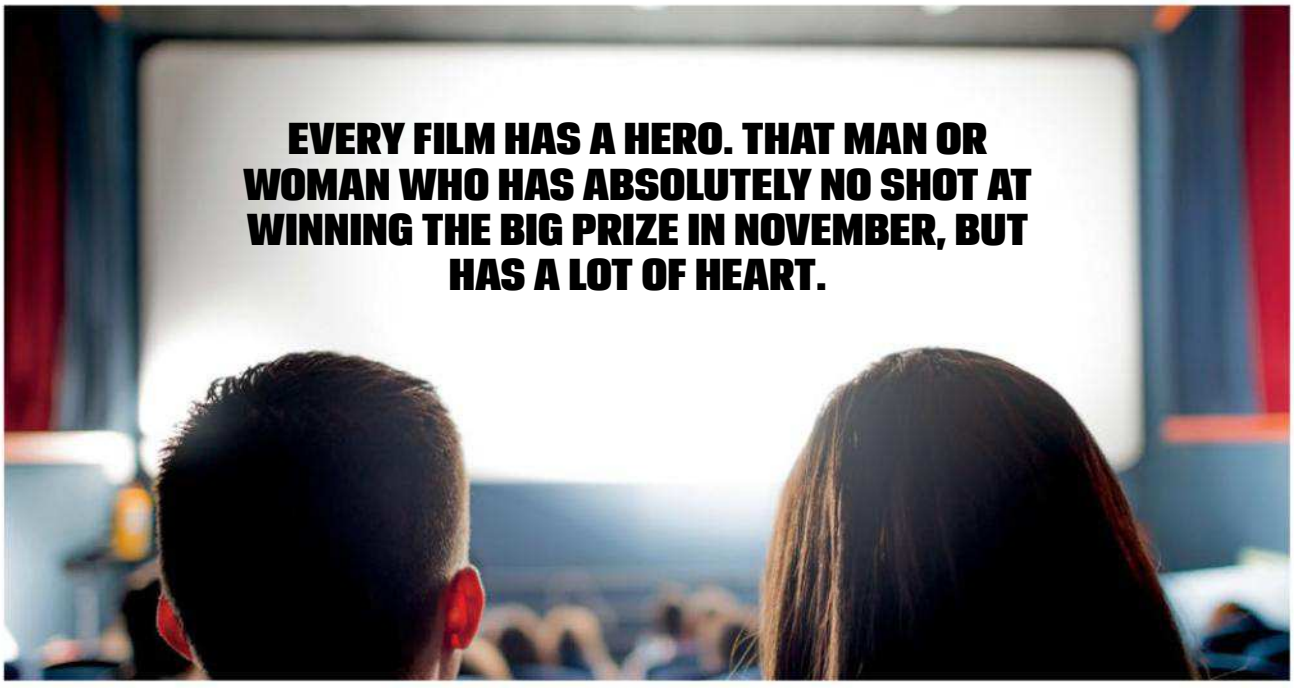
BY STEVE FABER

WASHINGWOOD is a one-horse town, but, perhaps the most powerful one-horse town the world has ever come to know. Sure, Detroit owned the car industry, Pittsburgh provided forged steel to the world, and on and on. Towns and cities and the things they produced that once dominated markets, well, those towns and cities are now in disrepair and foreign trade hell. Washingwood, however, produces the one commodity that the United States cannot do without. Washingwood produces… *Presidents*. And like the sandwich shop, coffee joint, or bar that serviced the main industry (e.g., steel, car, coal) Washingwood also produces the Senators, Governors, Mayors, etc., that one day become President.

To understand Washingwood is to understand that this one-horse town has two component parts: an intensely smart (albeit manipulative) brain and a gigantic ass. These two components are the two commodities Washingwood manufactures: 1.) *Candidates* and, 2.) The "*Art*" behind the candidates. The former is the man or woman who shows up on your ballot, that person you choose to support or loathe or even feel ambiguity toward. The latter is more complex… and creates the former. The "art" sells the candidate. Should the art fail, the candidate will fail, should the candidate fail, so will the art…and Washingwood will have not done its civic duty. And in 2016, trust me, Washingwood is nowhere close to failing.

Given I have some experience in the realm of television and film, and a fair deal of experience in the political world, I thought it best to explain our current Presidential race, as it is occurring in Washingwood in terms of the art. Art in the broadest sense of the term. The speeches, Super-Pac advertisements, sound bites, candidate commercials, mini-documentaries, short films, daily cable news drama, all carefully scripted to create the narrative. The narrative is the art that defines our current drama, dilemma, shit-show, however you'd like to phrase it. So let us think of the 2016 Presidential campaign as a film. A carefully-scripted film.

Story is the most important aspect of a film. I'd like to say the story writes itself. That would make matters simpler. Unfortunately, in Washingwood, the story not only does not write itself, it's re-written so many times by so many people as to make it banal. The story of the making of a President is akin to that 300 million-dollar action-adventure film that employs fifteen different writers to reach the conclusion you already knew was coming.



Setting is also important. This film has many so settings, and is thus an expensive film (but you already knew that). And the varieties of settings that Washingwood provides only drives up those costs. Want to speak with a farmer? Just get Donald, Ted, John, Hillary, and Bernie out to a farm, chit-chat about corn and ethanol mandates. The gang can be in any setting: a rust-belt steel mill chit-chatting with unemployed steel workers about the garbage trade deals we've made over the last 30 years. Washingwood can take a candidate and the viewer just about anywhere to talk to just about anyone about anything. Substance be damned.

The *farm*, the *inner-city* (whatever that is now), the s*uburb* (which on some curious subconscious level have come to be a metaphor for "moms." You rarely hear the word "suburb" without hearing the word "mom," and you rarely hear the word "mom" without the informal prefix "soccer." Ultimately defining women who have children who kick a ball around a field sounds like defining a new species of being. Anyway, I digress).

The *characters*. Washingwood has produced some truly… interesting… characters for our 2016 film. I need not name the actual candidates as their characters will clearly resonate with you. The reason they will clearly resonate with you is that Washingwood has been making the same film, quite frankly, since John F. Kennedy lit up our television screens.

We have the *outsiders*, those candidates who claim to be so outside the Beltway that they've never visited the Beltway. They don't know what a Beltway is. If the Beltway bit them in the neck, they wouldn't be able to describe this monstrous beast…the evil *Beltway*. There is a problem with the outsiders though. As of this writing, there are three GOP candidates and two candidates from the Democratic party. All five seek to, in some form, anoint themselves as outsiders… when convenient. And therein lies the problem: at least four of the five are as inside as inside gets. A 4-term Governor, a sitting Senator, a former Secretary of State *and* former Senator, and a gentleman who has been a Mayor, Congressman, and Senator for the last quarter century. One of the five could plausibly argue he's an outsider, except he's taken great pride in proclaiming just how powerful he is by virtue of contributing cash and pulling strings for insiders.

Why this idea is so important to the voters speaks to America's schizophrenic political desires. We desire someone who won't fuck things up like insiders do (so rave on outsider!) yet we also desire someone who has the experience not to fuck things up, meaning we need someone who… is… an… insider.

The *hero*. Every film has a hero. That man or woman who has absolutely no shot at winning the big prize in November, but has a lot of heart.

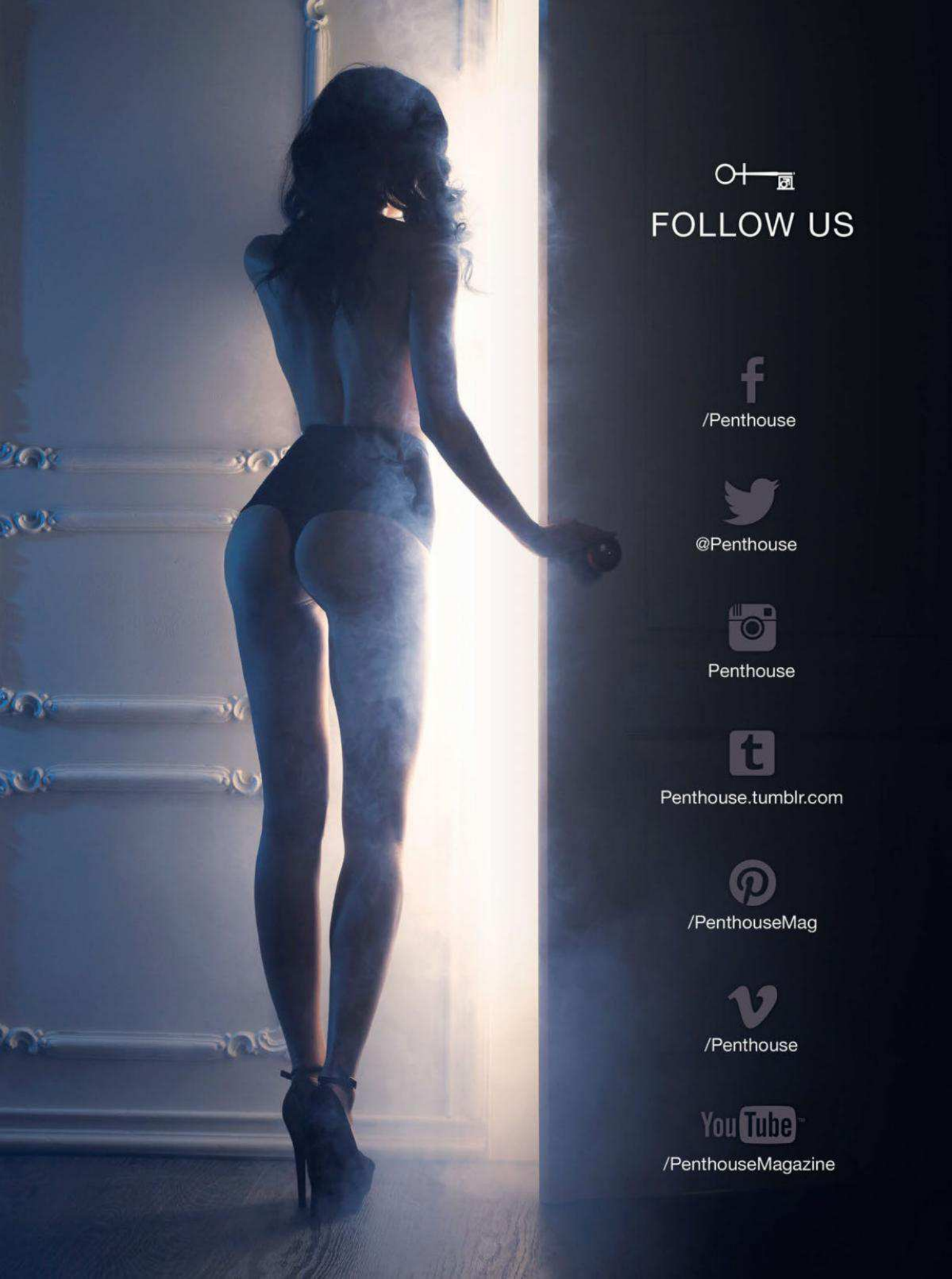
Depending on your proclivities, that hero is either the old sweet grandfatherly figure who has an emotional intelligence quotient on par with a zoo animal *or* the go-for-broke, double-down, take-no-prisoners candidate who is currently consuming our airwaves like a binge-eater at a cupcake factory. The former has a message that, in essence, tells us that if we eat our broccoli and get good grades we can access the vast grab-bag of social goodies that were promised to us 85 years ago under FDR. That promise was taken back, and if elected he'll restore that promise. The latter has a message that, in essence, tells us to follow his lead and tell the world to fuck off, because telling the world to fuck off leads to his success… and wouldn't you like to live like he does?

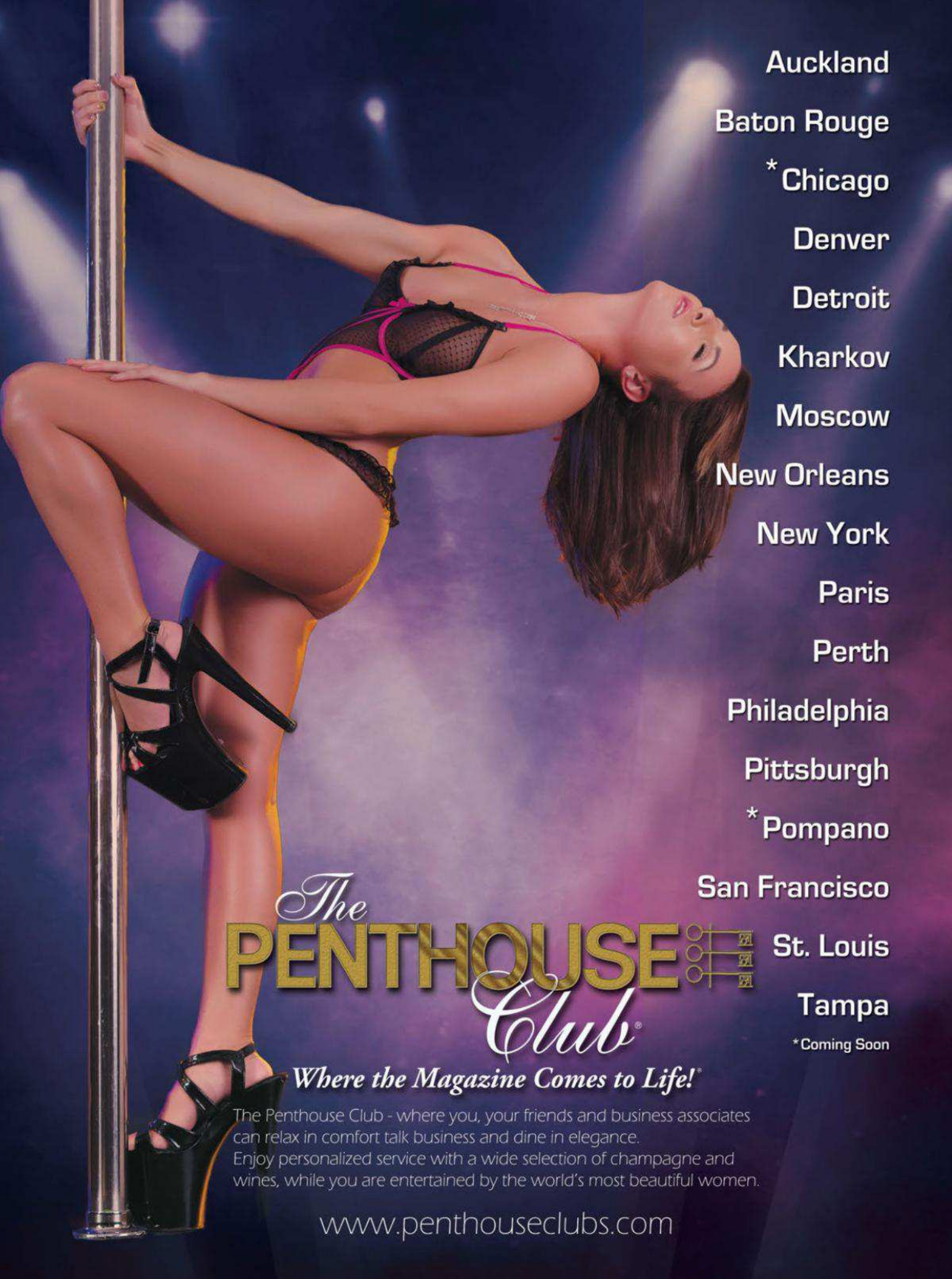
Which leaves us where? How does our film end? I suspect the film ends like most films do… in the "sensible center." That place of safety and comfort that isn't too jarring, the place that doesn't require you to tell the world to "fuck off," and gives you a pass on eating your broccoli. Certainly, the lessons the "outsiders" teach will be learned and the sensible center of both parties will pretend to take these lessons seriously. For the three months between convention and election.

Will the "sensible center" define itself as outside or inside? Probably a combination of both, but it doesn't really matter. Leave all your problems of self-definition to Washingwood and Washingwood will lick its finger, stick it in the air, see which way the wind is blowing and define the candidate for him or herself. And for you.

Because Presidential elections in Washingwood aren't action-adventures, buddy comedies, or slasher films.

They're all sequels.


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THE WEATHERMEN

THE WEATHER UNDERGROUND BREAKS TIMOTHY LEARY OUT OF PRISON – 1970

WEATHERMAN (or The Weathermen) was a radical group that formed in June 1969 after years of protesting against the Vietnam War. It splintered from non-violent student protest groups and set out to stage violent, disruptive actions against the United States government.

What became Weatherman's members had initially staged peaceful sit-in protests that in one example led to the 6-day occupation of buildings at Columbia University in April 1968. Police eventually broke up the protest, injuring and arresting many students.

Key organizer Mark Rudd was expelled from Columbia University and went into radicalism full-time with Students For A Democratic Society (SDS), giving talks all around the country. Internal strife at SDS fomented Weatherman's creation, its name inspired by the Bob Dylan lyric, "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows."

The horror of Vietnam drove Weatherman to try to bring the war home. Members believed that people who supported or were indifferent to the war were enabling the suffering of war, and thus were fair targets.

The group initiated the Days Of Rage in Chicago in October, 1969. Imagine lines of kids in their teens and early 20s, wearing motorcycle helmets with baseball bats, running through town breaking windows, ultimately confronting the Chicago police over three days.

What was planned to be a mass uprising saw relatively low turnout, but hundreds were thrown in jail. Organizers were dispirited not to have attracted broader support. Weatherman determined that facing its enemies in the open was not the way forward. The group turned to covert sabotage.

Five months later, three Weathermen were killed in an accidental explosion in New York while preparing bombs to set off at a military officers' ball. The trauma of this event caused the group to change its views on violence and plan actions to avoid hurting people.

Weatherman became The Weather Underground as central members went into hiding from law enforcement. Bernardine Dohrn, Bill Ayers, and Kathy Boudin were among the most wanted fugitives in the United States. The group conducted a string of bombings at courthouses, jails, police stations, and government buildings—including the US Capitol—disrupting the mechanics of what they saw as the War Machine.

At this point occurs one of the strangest episodes in the history of The Weather Underground. In 1970, East Coast LSD guru Timothy Leary was sitting in a California prison on a 10-year sentence for possession of two marijuana joints. He had been a prominent exponent of psychedelics since the early '60s, having taken hundreds of acid trips himself, and calling upon American society to expand its minds to create a better world.

Leaving aside the obvious perils of recommending that every person take LSD, Leary was a highly-visible figure of the counterculture who stood in opposition to the state. Authorities must have been glad to have a lunatic of this caliber behind bars. But something remarkable was about to happen.

BERNARDINE DOHRN, BILL AYERS, AND KATHY BOUDIN WERE AMONG THE MOST WANTED FUGITIVES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Associates of Leary paid The Weather Underground (some say $25,000) to bust him out of prison and help him escape the country. How on earth did people living on the run and bombing government buildings liberate such a recognizable prison inmate?

According to Bryan Burrough in his 2015 book, "Days of Rage: America's Radical Underground, the FBI, And the Forgotten Age," the escape wasn't as exciting as it sounds. San Luis Obispo was a minimum-security prison. Leary apparently walked out of his cell, climbed onto the roof of a building and shimmied along a hundred-foot cable and over the wall.

After hiding in a ditch he was picked up by Weather Underground operatives in a van, before escaping the country and later uniting with Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria.

The action was designed to make The Weather Underground attractive to the Flower Power generation. A strange propaganda coup for a radical organization on the run from the FBI.





IMAGE: OUR BANNER IN THE SKY BY FREDERIC EDWIN CHURCH - 1861 (WIKIMEDIA)

THE WAR OF ART

ART, WAR, AND THE HUMAN CONDITION

BY MATT GALLAGHER

AS I sit down to write this month's column, it's 13 years to the day that the American military invaded Iraq.

That invasion, and the subsequent nine years of war and occupation, irrevocably ruptured the lives of millions of Iraqis, as well as hundreds of thousands of American service-members and their families. The war still isn't over for Iraq, nor is the fallout from the war even close to seeing its end back here. And now it looks like we'll be a part of whatever comes next in Iraq – though how much we're involved, and for how long, has not yet been determined.

Which brings me to the crossroads of War and Art. Since at least the time of the *Iliad*, war has been an artist's subject. It is one of life's great ironies that one of the most destructive human endeavors can lead to creations of utter poignancy and beauty. Yet anyone who's ever walked along the black panels of the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial, or gazed up at Picasso's *Guernica*, or sat down with the poetry of Wilfred Owen, intuitively understands this contradiction. Each of those experiences are fucking DEEP, and connects with the human condition in ways that are somehow both universal and specific.

Now, 13 years after the beginning of the Iraq War, a new moment in the arts is upon us: one in which that war and war stories are penetrating our cultural consciousness. From story collections like Phil Klay's *Redeployment* to Hollywood blockbusters like "American Sniper" to the paintings of Iraqi artists like Qasim Sabti, art is again proving to be a salvation from the destruction human beings have wrought upon the world.

What does it mean? Does it affect the wider culture at all, or is it just nothing but an expression for the self-selected part



IMAGE: GASSED BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT - 1919 (WIKIMEDIA)

THE FUTILITY OF WAR MUST BE RELATED ANEW IN EVERY GENERATION.

of the citizenry already engaging with these issues of war and peace? How will it shape the future, or can art ever do such a thing so grandiose? Hell if I know. I just work here. But while these questions may not have clear answers, they're still worth considering. Though perhaps I'm a bit biased considering my own soldier-to-artist transition.

Like many writers and artists whose work touches upon war and armed violence, and the effects of that armed violence upon human communities and individual souls, I wrestle with issues of message and fears of glorification. After all, "Full Metal Jacket" is a stridently antiwar film – yet nearly every soldier and Marine of my generation could quote it verbatim. (And with good reason – it's a film filled with fantastic lines.)

But ignorance of something done in our collective name hardly seems the answer, either. So one writes, and tries to write well, and be purposeful about it. One wants to keep it real, and be emotionally truthful to the moment and experience, but do so in a way that doesn't cheat the subject matter. The late, great E.L. Doctorow said, "The historian will tell you what happened. The novelist will tell you what it felt like." That's sound advice for all creatives and seekers, I think, not just novelists. The feel of something can be slippery, but when a story or piece of art gets it right, the reader/viewer/observer feels it right back, interpreting and internalizing in a variety of ways.

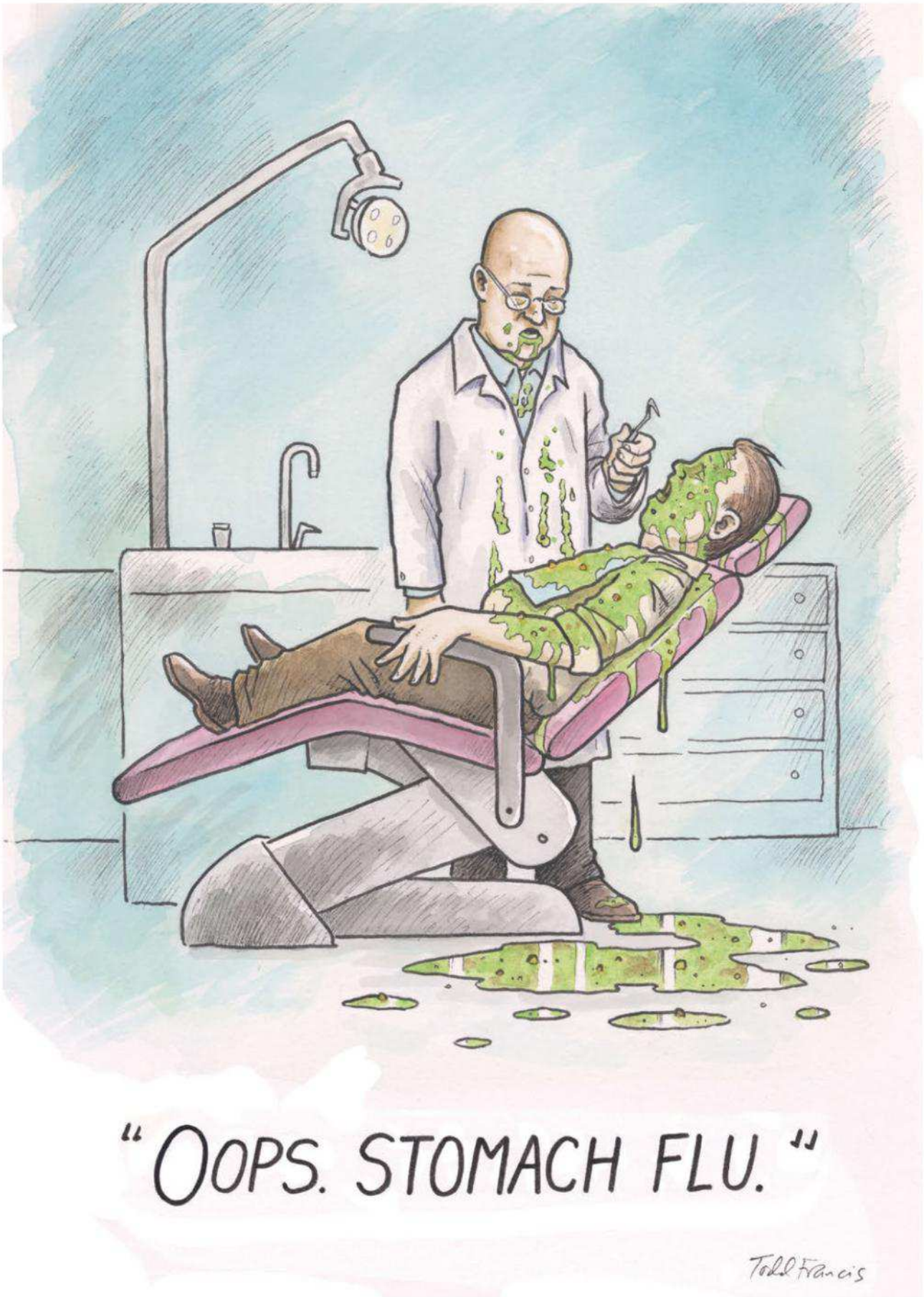
"How is contemporary war literature different from the war literature of the past?" This question was posed to me recently at a college. It was an earnest question, and deserved an earnest response, though there was a certain undertone to it: "Why should we care?" There's an earnestness to that undertone, too, I suppose, though there was also bite to it. I took a deep breath and did my best.

I talked about how every American service member who served in Iraq and Afghanistan at one point volunteered for duty. That needs to be explored, not just in individuals, but what it means for our military at large, how it conducts itself in warfare, and how it impacts us all as Americans, soldier and citizen.

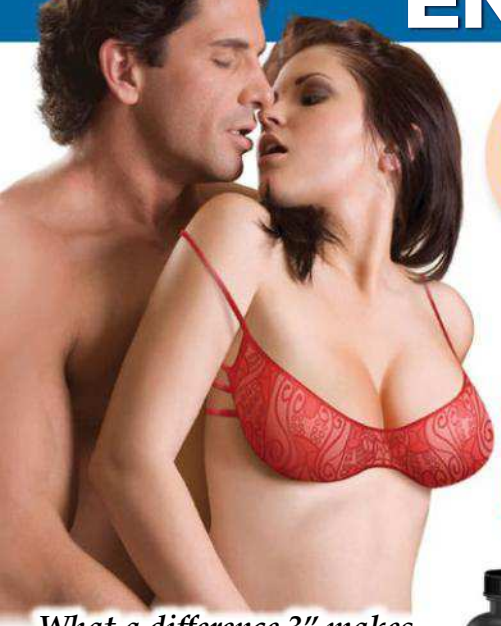
Then I talked about how more and more contemporary war lit is finding realized and dimensional local perspectives – "the others" to use a literary term, "the enemy" to use a military one. Maybe this is due to the nature of counterinsurgency operations. Maybe it's the understanding that these wars ultimately aren't about us. Maybe it's just good storytelling. Regardless, one would have to go back to the modernist revolution of World War I to see such vibrant empathy for and with "the others" in war literature.

That's interesting, I think. And hope.

There's another reason that art emerges from the wreckage of war. A broader reason, and unfortunately, a timeless one. The futility of war must be related anew in every generation for it to be heard at all. In that way, it's happening now because it has to happen. If it wasn't, we'd not only be failing what comes after, but we'd also be failing what came before.


"OOPS. STOMACH FLU."
Todd Francis

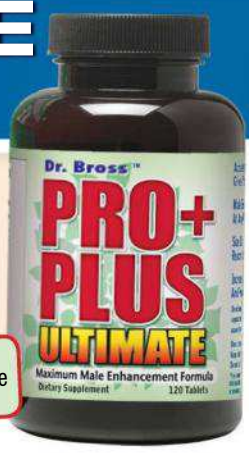
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SPRINGTIME FUN

The weather warms, the flowers bloom and, the clothing falls. California Girl Abby Cross reminds us why we're sprung for spring.

Photography: Tammy Sands

























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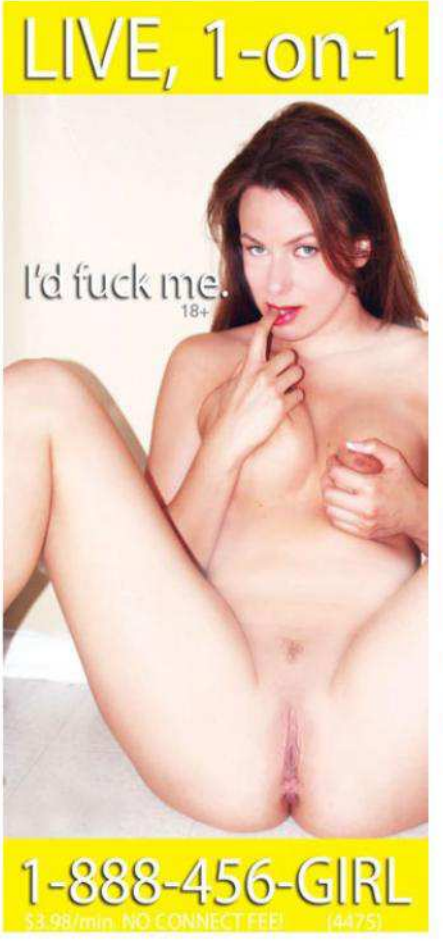

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PINK FLOYD'S CASH REGISTER

BY DAVE CARNIE

DID you know that the cash register in Pink Floyd's "Money" was also used for The Beatles' "Yellow Submarine"? That is so weird to me. Both songs were recorded at Abbey Road Studios in London and apparently they have a cash register in their quiver of instruments. It was first employed by The Beatles during the recording of "Yellow Submarine" amid the cacophony of noise at about the 1:30 mark of the song where the lads attempted to create the atmosphere of a submarine ("Full speed ahead, Mr. Parker, full speed ahead!"). The Beatles apparently had a rollicking good time banging on shit to make this part.

"At one point," Bob Spitz writes in *The Beatles: The Biography*, "the studio cupboard was hijacked for any and all special effects which included chains, a ship's bell, tap dancing mats, a tin bath filled with water, whistles, wind and thunderstorm machines, and a cash register. That cash register would later become royalty in pop music when it was later used for the recording of Pink Floyd's 'Money.'"

The cash register, as you know, plays a much more prominent role in Pink Floyd's composition. "The intro was recorded by capturing the sounds of an old cash register on tape," says songfacts.com, "and meticulously splicing and cutting the tape in a rhythmic pattern to make the cash register loop effect." This was, additionally, one of the first and most successful instances of looping, an effect we now take for granted.

I'M NOT A HOARDER AND I DON'T COLLECT ANYTHING, BUT I WANT THAT CASH REGISTER. WHAT A WEIRD OBJECT.

How is this thing not a National Treasure in The British Museum, or on display in a Hard Rock Cafe? It was employed by two of the greatest bands on the planet, in two of the most popular songs ever written. It would be a magnificent centerpiece for any gentleman's cabinet of curiosities. I decided to go to the source and contacted Abbey Road Studios.

"A cash register wasn't actually used in 'Yellow Submarine,'" Kayla, from Abbey Road Studios, said in her reply to my email, "but you are correct about Pink Floyd's 'Money.' What did you want to find out? I'll see if we can help."

I politely explained to Kayla that she was mistaken because the internet says that the same cash register was employed by both bands in their respective songs. "So cut the crap, lady," I said, "and show me the cash register!" I didn't say that, but I did send her a sampling of the evidence I had uncovered. "Well what about all this then, huh?"

"The sound of the cash register probably came from the old EMI sound effects tape library," Kayla replied. When bands found out about the library they would often raid the collection looking for weird and wonderful sounds."

No, no, no, I replied to Kayla, surely you're mistaken. EVERYONE says there's a cash register. There is no mention of sound effects. I pointed out that even the Abbey Road Studios website itself boasts of a cash register: "…They followed this up with their masterpiece, *Dark Side Of The Moon*. Using everything from cash registers to the Abbey Road doorman Gerry O'Driscoll…"

"Unfortunately," Kayla replied, "all the staff that would have worked on those sessions aren't with the company anymore."

Phooey! I said. I decided Kayla didn't know what she was talking about. So I did the unthinkable and looked at page 3 of my search. Crazy, I know. And that's where I found this quote from Pink Floyd's drummer, Nick Mason:

"Roger and I constructed the tape loop for 'Money' in our home studios and then took it to Abbey Road. I had drilled holes in old pennies and then threaded them onto strings; they gave one sound on the loop of seven. Roger had recorded coins swirling around in the mixing bowl Judy used for her pottery, the tearing paper effect was created very simply in front of a microphone, and the faithful sound library supplied the cash registers."

The faithful sound library. Goddamn you internet, goddamn you to Hell. I, of all people, should know that the internet is total bullshit. According to the internet, for instance, I invented the word "bromance": some anonymous kid in Australia wrote it in his blog, and then Otto4711 cut and pasted that into his Wikipedia entry for "bromance," and now everyone from GQ Magazine to MSNBC takes this as fact: Dave Carnie invented the word "bromance." I'm not going to dispute it, but I will say that it's only half true. Much like Pink Floyd's cash register.

I shared Nick Mason's quote with Kayla and apologized for doubting her. As conciliation, I offered Abbey Road Studios my own sound effects library: a 45-minute cassette tape filled with recordings of my farts. "Maybe the bands will enjoy these weird and wonderful sounds?" I said.



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